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ALS OF HEROISM AND PATRIOTISM

MASSELING





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IDEALS OF HEROISM AND PATRIOTISM

BY

HENRIETTE MASSELING

PUBLIC SCHOOLS, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

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PREFACE

IDEALS OF HEROISM AND PATRIOTISM is designed as a reader for the seventh and eighth grades of the elementary school or the first year of the Junior High School. It is adapted to the needs of the early adolescent period, when the pupil's ideals are unfixed, his ideas unformed, and his emotional nature susceptible to right or wrong development. The pupil reads much at this time of his life, and it is therefore important that what he reads should help him to form correct ideas and to establish high ideals.

Much of our best literature is intimately associated with the development of our country as a nation. It is the fundamental purpose of this book, through the medium of choice literary selections, to stimulate an intense love of country, to cultivate democratic ideas, to awaken a feeling of national unity, and to help the pupil to acquire ideals that are noble and inspirational. The selections have been arranged in groups about some common thought or ideal, and by their sequence they will enable the pupil to trace the American spirit through successive generations. It is hoped that the impressions gained will be of permanent value in unifying the national life of America and teaching a respect for her laws.

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THE PIONEER SPIRIT

One storm-trained seaman listened to the word;
What no man saw he saw; he heard what no man heard.
 In answer he compelled the sea
 To eager man to tell
 The secret she had kept so well.
Left blood and guilt and tyranny behind,
Sailing still west the hidden shore to find;
 For all mankind that unstained scroll unfurled,
 Where God might write anew the story of the World.

THE PIONEER SPIRIT

FOREWORD

The primary object in any course of historical reading is to connect the story of the past with the story of the present. The pupil should be led to see that the story of his country and the development of his race are along the same general lines with the development of all other races. He should be made to feel that he is but a note in the grand symphony begun when the Master of all music said, "Let there be Light," and which will end only with the trumpet note which shall call all nations home.

No teacher should permit a pupil to limit his vision to his own land. He should be made to feel his responsibility to all the devoted men and women who have gone before, who have endured hardships in order that the world might be a better place for him. He should be impressed with the nobility of his duty in carrying on the work of his forefathers. He should be taught never to fail in his duty to God and his native land, which is the true religion of all time.

Discoveries and explorations are not limited to any age or any people. They are going on to-day just as they did when primitive races swept over Europe from their homes in Asia, and as truly now as when Columbus sailed the uncharted seas. Nor are discoveries and explorations limited to the field of history alone, though only examples of historical pioneers are given in this division. All are but a part of a beautiful story which God slowly unfolds to the eyes of his children.

We owe a very real debt to our forefathers, a debt which we are prone to forget in the comforts and luxuries of the present. If we look with pride to-day on the splendid progress civilization has made in so many parts of the world, and especially in our own land, we must look back with gratitude to the sturdy men and women who faced untold hardships to give us what we have and to make us what we are. Our time is now at hand, and the future looks to us to bear our part of the burden, and in the words of to-day, to "carry on" the noble work begun by the pioneers.

THE NORSEMEN

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Gift from the cold and silent Past!
A relic to the present cast,
Left on the ever-changing strand
Of shifting and unstable sand,
Which wastes beneath the steady chime
And beating of the waves of Time!
Who from its bed of primal rock
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block?
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,
Thy rude and savage outline wrought?

Unchanged, alone, the same bright river
Flows on, as it will flow forever!
I listen and I hear the low
Soft ripple where its waters go;
I hear behind the panther's cry,
The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling by,
And shyly on the river's brink
The deer is stooping down to drink. .

But hark! — from wood and rock flung back,
What sound comes up the Merrimac?
What sea-worn barks are those which throw
The light spray from each rushing prow?
Have they not in the North Sea's blast,
Bowed to the waves the straining mast?
Their frozen sails, the low, pale sun
Of Thule's night has shone upon;
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep
Round icy drift, and headland steep.

Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters
Have watched them fading o'er the waters,
Lessening through driving mist and spray,
Like white-winged sea-birds on their way!

Onward they glide, — and now I view
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,
Turned to green earth and summer sky.
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
Streams back the Northmen's yellow hair.
I see the gleam of ax and spear,
A sound of smitten shields I hear,
Keeping a harsh and fitting time
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme;
Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,
His grey and naked isles among;
Or muttered low at midnight hour
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon
Has answered to that startling rune;
The Gael has heard its stormy swell,
The light Frank knows its summons well;
Iona's sable-stoled Culdee
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,
And swept, with hoary beard and hair,
His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

'Tis past, — the 'wilder' vision dies
In darkness on my dreaming eyes!
The forest vanishes in air,
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare;
I hear the common tread of men,

And hum of work-day life again;
The mystic relic seems alone
A broken mass of common stone;
And if it be the chiselled limb
Of Berserker or idol grim,
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,
The stormy Viking's god of War,
Or Praga of the Runic lay,
Or love-awakening Siona,
I know not, — for no graven line,
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign
Is left me here, by which to trace
Its name, or origin, or place.
Yet, for this vision of the Past,
This glance upon its darkness cast,
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good,
Who fashioned so the human mind,
That, from the waste of Time behind,
A simple stone, or mound of earth,
Can summon the departed forth;
Quicken the Past to life again,
The Present lose in what hath been,
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.
As if a portion of that Thought
By which the Eternal will is wrought,
Whose impulse fills anew with breath
The frozen solitudes of Death,
To mortal mind were sometimes lent,
To mortal musings sometimes sent,
To whisper — even when it seems
But Memory's fantasy of dreams —
Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,
Of an immortal origin!

Study Helps and Questions

Long before Columbus landed in America, a band of bold sea rovers, called Norsemen, came from the northern part of Europe, and braving the terrors of the unknown sea, made settlements in Iceland and Greenland, and later on the continent of North America. The location of their settlement on the continent is not known, but it is supposed to be somewhere in New England. They left no permanent records, and all that we know of their discoveries we learn from their old songs or sagas by which the skalds or minstrels kept alive the deeds of their heroes.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, a fragment of a statue, rudely carved out of the dark gray stone, was found in the little town of Bradford on the Merrimac. No one knows its origin, but it is generally supposed to have been a relic of the visit of the Norsemen, who came to New England several hundred years before Columbus discovered America.

1. Of what do you think the poet is speaking in the first stanza?
2. What river is mentioned in the second stanza?
3. Give a description of the forest as pictured in the poem.
4. Who were the Norsemen? Where did they live? What kind of men were they? Describe their boats.
5. Give a brief account of the coming of the Norsemen to America.
6. Tell something of the religion of the Norsemen.
7. What countries in Europe had they attacked before coming to America?
8. Explain how the skalds kept alive the story of their adventures.
9. What are "runes"?
10. What part of our country did the Norsemen visit?
11. Compare the land as they saw it with what it is to-day.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

“ Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water’s flow
Under December’s snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart’s chamber.

“ I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man’s curse;
For this I sought thee.

“ Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic’s strand,

I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
 Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
 Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf’s bark,
Until the soaring lark
 Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair’s crew,
O’er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk’s tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
 Filled to o’erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest’s shade
 Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
 By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father’s hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
 Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter’s hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
 To hear my story.

“While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed.
And as the wind gusts waft
 The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
 Blew the foam lightly.

“She was a Prince’s child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew’s flight,
Why did they leave that night
 Her nest unguarded?

“Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me, —
Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen! —
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman’s hail,
 Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water!

“As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane
Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour
Stands looking seaward.

“There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

“Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
— Thus the tale ended.

Study Helps and Questions

Nearly six hundred years before Columbus landed at San Salvador, the bold Norsemen had made settlements along the coast of North America. They left little to mark their discoveries. An old stone tower near Newport was formerly supposed by many persons to have been built by the Norsemen, but all authorities now agree that it was built by Arnold, one of the early governors of the colony of Rhode Island.

One day as Longfellow was riding along the sea-shore at Newport, the old stone tower was pointed out to him. Several years before this a skeleton in rusted, broken armor had been dug up near Fall River. Longfellow took these two facts and wove around them the ballad, "The Skeleton in Armor," which represents the spirit of the dead warrior telling the story of his life.

1. Who is speaking in the first stanza of the poem?
2. State the comparisons that are made in the second stanza.
3. Who were the Vikings?
4. What is meant by the terms "saga" and "skald"?
5. What were the duties of the skald?
6. Tell the story of the Viking's boyhood.
7. What did he do when he became a man?
8. Who was "old Hildebrand"?
9. Tell the story of the Viking's escape from the Northland.
10. What reference is made to the old tower?
11. How did the Viking die?

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

WASHINGTON IRVING

It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a verdant orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore where they stood gazing at the ships. They appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment at the sight.

Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Vincente Yañez, his brother, put off in company in their boats, each with a banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on each side the letters F. and Y., the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Ysabel.

As he approached the shore, Columbus was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. On landing he threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the others, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude.

Columbus then rising drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and, assembling round him the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the

Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the necessary forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him, as Admiral and Viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns.

His followers now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves devoted men, hurrying forward to destruction; they now looked upon themselves as favorites of fortune, and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy. They thronged around the Admiral with overflowing zeal, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him, as if he had already wealth and honors in his gift. Many who had outraged him by their insolence now crouched at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and promising the blindest obedience for the future.

The natives of the island, when at the dawn of day they had beheld the ships hovering on the coast, had supposed them monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore and a number of strange beings, clad in glittering steel or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods.

Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their

terror and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves on the earth and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The Admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions,— all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. They now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing as they did from any race of men they had ever seen. As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general name of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the aborigines of the New World.

The islanders were friendly and gentle. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint or the teeth or bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen, nor did they appear acquainted with its properties; for, when a drawn sword was presented to them, they took it by the edge.

Columbus distributed among them colored caps, glass

beads, hawk's bells, and other trifles, such as the Portuguese were accustomed to trade with among the nations of the gold coast of Africa. They received them eagerly, hung the beads round their necks, and were wonderfully pleased with their finery and with the sound of the bells.

The Spaniards remained all day on shore, refreshing themselves after their anxious voyage amid the beautiful groves of the island, and returned on board late in the evening, delighted with all they had seen.

On the following morning, at break of day, the shore was thronged with the natives; some swam off to the ships, others came in light barks which they called canoes, formed of a single tree, hollowed, and capable of holding from one man to the number of forty or fifty.

The avarice of the discoverers was quickly excited by the sight of small ornaments of gold, worn by some of the natives in their noses.

The island where Columbus had thus, for the first time, set his foot upon the New World was called by the natives Guana-hané. It still retains the name of San Salvador, which he gave to it, though called by the English Cat Island. The light which he had seen on the evening previous to his making land may have been on Watling's Island, which lies a few leagues to the east.

Study Helps and Questions

1. When did Columbus first behold the New World?
2. Give a picture of what he saw.
3. Give an account of his landing.
4. What name did Columbus give to the land and in whose name did he take possession?
5. What name does it bear to-day?

6. Compare the actions of the crew on landing with their conduct during the voyage.
7. What did the natives think of the Spaniards and how did they treat them?
8. What name did Columbus give to the natives and why?
9. Describe the boats and weapons of the natives.
10. What did the Spaniards give to the natives in exchange for their gold ornaments?

NOTE.—Give a brief review of conditions that led to the voyage of Columbus. Study the history of the rivalry that existed between Venice and Genoa over the trade of the East; the breaking up of trade routes by the Turks; the efforts of the Portuguese to find a new way; the struggle of Columbus for recognition of his plans; the aid rendered him by Queen Isabella; his setting sail over uncharted seas in frail ships; the difficulties of his voyage; his final success.

COLUMBUS

JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind, the Gates of Hercules,
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone;
 Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
 "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day,
 My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
 "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why, you shall say, at break of day,
 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said:
 "Why, now, not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
 Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say —"
 He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
 "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;
 He curls his lips, he lies in wait
 With lifted teeth as if to bite!
 Brave Admiral, say but one good word,
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
 The words leaped like a leaping sword,
 "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
 Of all dark nights! and then a speck,
 "A light! A light! A light! A light!"
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson, "On! sail on!"

Study Helps and Questions

1. Locate "the gray Azores."
2. Where are "the Gates of Hercules," and why are they so called?
3. How many ships did Columbus have? Name and describe them.
4. What was the general character of his crew?
5. State some of the hardships Columbus faced.
6. Why did the men grow "mutinous"? Explain what is meant by "mutinous."

7. What winds blow in the region where Columbus sailed? Explain the sailors' fear of these winds.
 8. What do you think of the courage and spirit of Columbus?
 9. What was the attitude of his crew?
 10. Describe the last night of the voyage.
 11. What is meant by "the starlit flag"?
 12. Why does the poet compare it to the light Columbus saw in the dark?
 13. What "world" did Columbus gain?
 14. What lesson did he give in the expression "On, sail on!"
-

POCAHONTAS

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Wearied arm and broken sword
 Wage in vain the desperate fight;
 Round him press a countless horde,
 He is but a simple knight.
 Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
 Through the wilderness resounds,
 As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
 Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre,
 And the torch of death they light;
 Ah! 'tis hard to die of fire!
 Who will shield the captive knight?
 Round the stake with fiendish cry
 Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
 Cold the victim's mien and proud,
 And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
 Who avert the murderous blade?
 From the throng with sudden start
 See, there springs an Indian maid.

Quick she stands before the knight:
 “Loose the chain, unbind the ring!
 I am daughter of the king,
 And I claim the Indian right!”

Dauntlessly aside she flings
 Lifted axe and thirsty knife,
 Fondly to his heart she clings,
 And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhatan,
 Still 'tis told by Indian fires
 How a daughter of their sires
 Saved a captive Englishman.

Study Helps and Questions

Jamestown, Virginia, was the first permanent English settlement in America. During its early days, the little colony would have perished, had it not been for the bold enterprise and wise leadership of Captain John Smith, one of its officers. According to a story which is doubted by some historians, Smith was once captured by some Indians and taken before Powhatan, a cunning old chief. Powhatan ordered two huge stones to be placed before him, and immediately strong warriors leaped upon Smith and forced his head down upon the stones, but just as they raised their clubs to slay him, Pocahontas, the young daughter of Powhatan, rushed forth, threw her arms about Smith's head, and begged for his life. Her request was granted, and Powhatan adopted Smith as a son. Later Smith returned to Jamestown. Pocahontas was always a good friend to the Virginia colonists, bringing them food in time of famine. She became a Christian and married John Rolfe, an Englishman. She died in England while on a visit, but her son returned to Virginia. Among the descendants of Pocahontas are many noted Virginians.

1. Who is the warrior referred to in this poem?
2. With whom is he waging “the desperate fight”?
3. How does he fare in the struggle?
4. Describe the torture the Indians are preparing to inflict on him.

5. Tell the story of his rescue.
 6. Who was Powhatan?
 7. How did Pocahontas aid the Virginia colonists?
 8. Tell the story of the life of Pocahontas.
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THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

December 21, 1620

FELICIA D. HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came, —
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam;
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
 This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band:
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground, —
 The soil where first they trod!
 They have left unstained what there they found —
 Freedom to worship God!

Study Helps and Questions

1. Who were the Pilgrims?
2. Why were they so called?
3. Why are they spoken of as exiles?
4. Tell their story prior to their coming to America.
5. What were they seeking in the New World?
6. What was the name of the ship in which they crossed the sea?
7. When and where did they land?
8. Describe the New England coast as they first saw it.
9. Where did they establish a colony?
10. Who composed the colony?
11. Tell something of the hardships they endured.
12. What heritage have they left the land?

THE ENGLISH COLONISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS AND VIRGINIA¹

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

There have been two great distributing centers of the English race on this continent, Massachusetts and Virginia. Each has impressed the character of its early legislators on the swarms it has sent forth. Their ideals are in some fundamental respects the opposites of each other, and we can only account for it by an antagonism of thought beginning with the early framers of their respective institutions. New England abolished caste; in Virginia they still talk of "quality folks." But it was in making education not only common to all, but in some sense compulsory on all, that the destiny of the free republics of America was practically settled. Every man was to be trained, not only to the use of arms, but of his wits also; and it is these which alone make the others effective weapons for the maintenance of freedom. You may disarm the hands, but not the brains, of a people, and to know what should be defended is the first condition of successful defense. Simple as it seems, it was a great discovery that the key of knowledge could turn both ways, that it could open, as well as lock, the door of power to the many. . . .

I have little sympathy with declaimers about the Pilgrim Fathers, who look upon them all as men of grand

¹ From "New England Two Centuries Ago" in "Literary Essays by James Russell Lowell," Vol. II of Lowell's Prose Works (Riverside Edition). Copyright, 1890, by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

conception and superhuman foresight. An entire ship's company of Columbuses is what the world never saw. It is not wise to form any theory and fit our facts to it, as a man in a hurry is apt to cram his traveling-bag, with a total disregard of shape or texture. But perhaps it may be found that the facts will only fit comfortably together on a single plan, namely, that the fathers did have a conception (which those will call grand who regard simplicity as a necessary element of grandeur) of founding here a commonwealth on those two eternal bases of Faith and Work; that they had, indeed, no revolutionary ideas of universal liberty, but yet, what answered the purpose quite as well, an abiding faith in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God; and that they did not so much propose to make all things new, as to develop the latest possibilities of English law and English character, by clearing away the fences by which the abuse of the one was gradually discommuning the other from the broad fields of natural right. They were not in advance of their age, as it is called, for no one who is so can ever work profitably in it; but they were alive to the highest and most earnest thinking of their time.

Study Helps and Questions

1. What were the two great distributing centers of the English race on this continent?
2. What was the character of each?
3. Show by comparison how each has affected the character of the American people of to-day.
4. What ideals formed the basis of the commonwealth established by the Pilgrim Fathers?

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The Quaker of the olden time!
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.
And, pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,

Be with us in the narrow way
 Our faithful fathers knew.
 Give strength the evil to forsake,
 The cross of Truth to bear,
 And love and reverent fear to make
 Our daily lives a prayer!

Study Helps and Questions

1. Who were the Quakers?
 2. In what part of America did they settle?
 3. Name a great leader among them and tell what colony he established.
 4. How does this poem describe the Quakers?
 5. What ideals have they given us?
 6. Why is Whittier sometimes called "the Quaker poet"?
-

THE ACADIAN EXILES

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
 Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
 Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses, the blithe Acadian peasants.
 Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village, all sounds of labor were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted; For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together, All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant: For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father; Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard, Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal. There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith. Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the bee-hives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among
them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the black-
smith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons
sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum
beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the
churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on
the headstones

Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the
forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly
among them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and case-
ment, —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the
altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s
orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered
his kindness

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my
temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous,

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all
kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this
province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!

Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleas-
ure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hail-
stones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his
windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the
house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the
speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then
rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-
way.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads
of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he
shouted, —

"Down with the tyrants of England; we never have sworn
them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and
our harvests!"

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and
mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly the clock
strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has
seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught
you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and pri-
vations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you pro-
fane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compas-
sion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive
them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail
us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'”
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his
people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy:

And, at the head of the board the great armchair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!

Then all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the doors and the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion, “Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted,

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore tree by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession, Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings, Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen, While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.

All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;

All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the
churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the
church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy
procession

Followed the long imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their
country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-
worn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their
daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their
voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions: —
“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and
patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood
by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above
them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Halfway down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction, —
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached
her,

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet
him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered, —

“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!”

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye,
and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late,
saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,

All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,

Built of the driftwood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered, Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish, Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or
emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been
taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer
him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he
spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering firelight.

“*Benedicite!*” murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his
accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a
threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of
sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows
of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the
blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and
meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows to-
gether.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the
roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were

Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering
hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch,
and uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred
house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on
shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
“We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-
Pré!”

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs inter-
rupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping en-
campments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of
the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night as the herds and
the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er
the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and
the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before
them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent compan-
ion,

Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the
seashore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude
near her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon
her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around
her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard as it said to the people —
“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our
exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the
seaside,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congrega-
tion,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the
dirges.

’Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying
landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in
ruins.

Study Helps and Questions

The name Acadia was given to the province now known as Nova Scotia. It was settled by the French in the early part of the seventeenth century, but was captured by the English early in the eighteenth century.

The Acadians were simple peasants who lived quietly on their humble farms and knew little of the affairs of the outside world. They were entirely French in their feelings and customs, and had no love for their English captors. They never took the oath of allegiance to the English crown, and during the struggle between France and England for colonial supremacy, the Acadians rendered whatever aid they could to the French. Just after Braddock's defeat in the last French and Indian War, England decided to deport a large part of the Acadians and scatter them in English colonies farther south. The removal of the English colonists who lived near the "Basin of Minas" was entrusted to Lt. Col. Winslow. He landed at the little village of Grand-Pré late in August, and at once set about carrying out his plans. Early in September he summoned all the men to the church to hear the king's orders. He told them that because of their disloyalty, all their lands and possessions except their household goods and money were forfeited to the crown, and that they themselves were to be sent into exile. Unable to make any resistance because of the presence of the soldiers, the poor Acadians were sent aboard the English vessels anchored in the harbor, and lighted by the blazing ruins of their homes and harvests, they set sail for the unknown land of their exile. They were scattered among the English colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia, but being alien in thought and feeling, they could make no homes among these strangers. Many died broken-hearted, and others sought a refuge among the French in the Mississippi Valley, where their descendants live to-day.

In his poem "Evangeline," Longfellow gives a picture of the lives of the simple Acadian peasants. Evangeline is the daughter of the wealthiest farmer of Grand Pré, and is betrothed to Gabriel, the son of Basil, the blacksmith. According to an old custom, the betrothal feast is spread and all the simple villagers gather to wish good luck to the young people. Suddenly the alarm is sounded and all the men are summoned to the church to hear the king's orders to deport them. Then indeed are heart-rending scenes as the Acadians embark on the English ships for foreign lands, crushed by the sight of their burning homes and harvests. Evangeline's father drops dead upon the beach,

and in the confusion she is separated from Gabriel. Patiently they seek each other in the land of their exile, but it is only after long years have passed that they find each other. Evangeline has become a sister of charity, and as she ministers to the poor in an almshouse she finds Gabriel dying of a fever. Only the part of the story that tells of the exile of the Acadians is given in this selection.

1. Where was Acadia and what is its present name?
 2. Give the location of the Minas Basin and the little village of Grand Pré.
 3. By whom was Acadia settled?
 4. Describe the life of the humble peasants.
 5. By whom was Acadia conquered?
 6. What were the feelings of the people toward their conquerors?
 7. How did England punish their disloyalty?
 8. What did the English king expect to accomplish by deporting the Acadians and scattering them among the English colonies farther south?
 9. Where did the Acadians finally settle in the United States?
 10. Why were they happy among the French colonists?
 11. Where do their descendants in America live at the present time?
-

1. Who was Evangeline? To whom was she betrothed? Describe the betrothal feast.
2. Why were the men summoned to the church? Tell what happened there. How did the Acadians receive the king's orders.
3. Describe the scenes when the Acadians embarked on the English ships, and tell about the burning of Grand Pré.
4. What happened to Evangeline and her father? Tell how Evangeline and Gabriel were separated. Who comforted the people in their time of trouble?
5. What happened to the Acadians after their departure from Grand Pré? Read the rest of the poem and tell how Evangeline and Gabriel sought each other and how they found each other.

THE "COUREUR DE BOIS"

JOHN H. FINLEY

There is a class of topographical engineers "older than the schools," "more unerring than mathematicians." They are the wild animals which traverse the forests not by compass but by instinct, find the easiest paths to the lowest passes in the mountains, to the shallowest fords, to the richest pastures, to the salt licks. . . . It is a mistake, therefore, we are reminded, to suppose that the American forests and plains were trackless before men came. They were coursed by many paths. . . .

Such were the paths by which the runners of the woods, the French *coureurs de bois*, first emerged, after following the watercourses, upon the western forest glades and the edges of the prairies, and astonished the aboriginal human owners of those wild highways that had known only the soft feet of the wolf and fox and bear, the hoofs of the buffaloes and deer, and the bare feet or the moccasins of the Indians. . . .

The French followed the streams which kept them in touch with the sea. But they had finally, in their pioneering, to take to the trails and the forests. And these runners-of-the-woods were the "pioneers of pioneers," who often, in unrecorded advance of priest and explorer, pushed their adventurous traffic in French guns and hatchets, French beads and cloth, French tobacco and brandy, till they knew and were known to the aboriginal inhabitants, "from where the stunted Eskimos burrowed in their snow caves to where the Comanches

scoured the plains of the south with their banditti cavalry." . . .

"This class of men is not extinct," said Parkman twenty or thirty years ago; "in the cheerless wilds beyond the northern lakes, or among the solitudes of the distant West, they may still be found, unchanged in life and character since the day when Louis the Great claimed sovereignty over the desert empire."

But their mission, if any survive till now, is past. The paths, surveyed by the beasts and opened by these pioneers to the feet of priests, explorers, and traders, have let in the influences that in time destroyed all they loved and braved the solitude for. The trace has become the railroad, and the smell of the gasoline motor is even on the Oregon trail; for, in general, it has been said of the forest part of the valley, "where there is a railway to-day, there was a path a century and a quarter ago," and that means longer ago; and it may be added that where there was a French trading-post, or fort, or portage, there is a city to-day, not because of the attraction of the populations of those places to the prospective railroad, but because of their natural highway advantage, learned even by the buffaloes. Not all paths have evolved into railroads, but the railroads have followed most of these natural paths — paths of the *courreurs de bois*, of those instinctively searching for mountain passes, of low portages from valley to valley, the shortest ways and the easiest grades. . . . It is a common, unimaginative metaphor to call the engine which leads the mighty trains across the country the iron horse, but it is deserving of a nobler figure. It is the iron *courreur de bois* still leading Europe into America,

and America into a newer America. . . . The railroad outran the settler and "beckoned him on," just as the *courieur de bois* outran the slower-going migrant and beckoned him on to ever new frontiers: the buffalo, the *courieur de bois*, the engineer — in turn. . . .

Study Helps and Questions

The term *coureurs de bois* is used in speaking of the French or half-breed trappers and hunters of the great northwest region in Canada. They were bold and fearless men and established their trading posts from the southern lakes to the far north. In some parts of Canada they still carry on their work.

1. What is the meaning of the title *courieur de bois*?¹
 2. Why is it a mistake to call the American forests trackless before men came?
 3. Of what use to the explorer were the trails made by animals?^{list of the animals}
 4. What class of French explorers first penetrated the forests?^{early explorers}
 5. What was their object?^{to explore}
 6. Where is this class of men still found in the West?^{West}
 7. Why were railroads generally built along trails made by the *coureurs de bois*?^{old}
-

ON THE WILDERNESS TRAIL¹

WINSTON CHURCHILL

The next vivid thing in my memory is the view of the last barrier Nature had reared between us and the delectable country. It stood like a lion at the gateway, and for some minutes we gazed at it in terror from Powell's Valley below. How many thousands have looked at it with sinking hearts! How many weaklings has its frown turned back! There seemed to be engraved

¹ From *The Crossing*. Copyright by the MacMillan Company, used by permission of and special arrangement with the publishers.

upon it the dark history of the dark and bloody land beyond. Nothing in this life worth having is won for the asking; and the best is fought for, and bled for, and died for. Written, too, upon that towering wall of white rock, in the handwriting of God Himself, is the history of the indomitable Race to which we belong.

For fifty miles we travelled under it, towards the Gap, our eyes drawn to it by a resistless fascination. The sun went over it early in the day, as though glad to leave the place, and after that a dark scowl would settle there. At night we felt its presence, like a curse. Even Polly Ann was silent. And she had need to be now. When it was necessary, we talked in low tones, and the bell-clappers on the horses were not loosed at night. It was here, but four years gone, that Daniel Boone's family was attacked, and his son killed by the Indians.

We passed, from time to time, deserted cabins and camps, and some places that might once have been called settlements: Elk Garden, where the pioneers of the last four years had been wont to lay in a simple supply of seed corn and Irish potatoes; and the spot where Henderson and his company had camped on the way to establish Boonesboro two years before. And at last we struck the trace that mounted upward to the Gateway itself.

And now we had our hands upon the latch, and God alone knew what was behind the gate. Toil, with a certainty, but our lives had known it. Death, perchance. But Death had been near to all of us, and his presence did not frighten. As we climbed towards the Gap, I recalled with strange aptness a quaint saying

of my father's that Kaintuckee was the Garden of Eden, and that men were being justly punished with blood for their presumption.

As if to crown that judgment, the day was dark and lowering, with showers of rain from time to time. And when we spoke, — Polly Ann and I, — it was in whispers. The trace was very narrow, with Daniel Boone's blazes, two years old, upon the trees; but the way was not over steep. Cumberland Mountain was as silent and deserted as when the first man had known it.

Alas, for the vanity of human presage! We gained the top, and entered unmolested. No Eden suddenly dazzled our eye, no splendor burst upon it. Nothing told us, as we halted in our weariness, that we had reached the Promised Land. The mists weighed heavily on the evergreens of the slopes and hid the ridges, and we passed that night in cold discomfort. It was the first of many without a fire.

The next day brought us to the Cumberland, tawny and swollen from the rains, and here we had to stop to fell trees to make a raft on which to ferry over our packs. We bound the logs together with grapevines, and as we worked my imagination painted for me many a red face peering from the bushes on the farther shore. And when we got into the river and were caught and spun by the hurrying stream, I hearkened for a shot from the farther bank. While Polly Ann and I were scrambling to get the raft landed, Tom and Weldon swam over with the horses. And so we lay the second night dolefully in the rain. But not so much as a whimper escaped from Polly Ann. I have often told her

since that the sorest trial she had was the guard she kept on her tongue,—a hardship indeed for one of Irish inheritance. Many a pull had she lightened for us by a flash of humor.

The next morning the sun relented, and the wine of his dawn was wine indeed to our flagging hopes. Going down to wash at the river's brink, I heard a movement in the cane, and stood frozen and staring until a great, bearded head, black as tar, was thrust out between the stalks and looked at me with blinking red eyes. The next step revealed the hump of the beast, and the next his tasselled tail lashing his dirty brown quarters. I did not tarry longer, but ran to tell Tom. He made bold to risk a shot and light a fire, and thus we had buffalo meat for some days after.

We were still in the mountains. The trail led down the river for a bit through the worst of canebrakes, and every now and again we stopped while Tom and Weldon scouted. Once the roan mare made a dash through the brake, and, though Polly Ann burst through one way to head her off and I another, we reached the bank of Richland Creek in time to see her nose and the top of her pack above the brown water. There was nothing for it but to swim after her, which I did, and caught her quietly feeding in the cane on the other side. By great good fortune the other horse bore the powder.

"Drat you, Nancy," said Polly Ann to the mare, as she handed me my clothes, "I'd sooner carry the pack myself than be bothered with you."

"Hush," said I, "the redskins will get us."

Polly Ann regarded me scornfully as I stood bedraggled before her.

"Redskins!" she cried. "Nonsense! I reckon it's all talk about redskins."

But we had scarce caught up ere we saw Tom standing rigid with his hand raised. Before him, on a mound bared of cane, were the charred remains of a fire. The sight of them transformed Weldon. His eyes glared again, even as when we had first seen him, curses escaped under his breath, and he would have darted into the cane had not Tom seized him sternly by the shoulder. As for me, my heart hammered against my ribs, and I grew sick with listening. It was at that instant that my admiration for Tom McChesney burst bounds, and that I got some real inkling of what woodcraft might be. Stepping silently between the tree trunks, his eyes bent on the leafy loam, he found a footprint here and another there, and suddenly he went into the cane with a sign to us to remain. It seemed an age before he returned. Then he began to rake the ashes, and, suddenly bending down, seized something in them, — the broken bowl of an Indian pipe.

"Shawnees!" he said; "I reckoned so." It was at length the beseeching in Polly Ann's eyes that he answered.

"A war party — tracks three days old. They took poplar."

To take poplar was our backwoods expression for embarking in a canoe, the dugouts being fashioned from the great poplar trees.

I did not reflect then, as I have since and often, how great was the knowledge and resource Tom practised that day. Our feeling for him (Polly Ann's and mine) fell little short of worship. In company ill at ease, in

the forest he became silent and masterful — an unerring woodsman, capable of meeting the Indian on his own footing. And, strangest thought of all, he and many I could name who went into Kentucky, had escaped, by a kind of strange fate, being born in the north of Ireland. This was so of Andrew Jackson himself.

The rest of the day he led us in silence down the trace, his eye alert to penetrate every corner of the forest, his hand near the trigger of his long Deckard. I followed in boylike imitation, searching every thicket for alien form and color, and yearning for stature and responsibility. As for poor Weldon, he would stride for hours at a time with eyes fixed ahead, a wild figure, — ragged and fringed. And we knew that the soul within him was torn with thoughts of his dead wife and of his child in captivity. Again, when the trance left him, he was an addition to our little party not to be despised.

At dark Polly Ann and I carried the packs across a creek on a fallen tree, she taking one end and I the other. We camped there, where the loam was trampled and torn by countless herds of bison, and had only parched corn and the remains of a buffalo steak for supper, as the meal was mouldy from its wetting, and running low. When Weldon had gone a little distance up the creek to scout, Tom relented from the sternness which his vigilance imposed and came and sat down on a log beside Polly Ann and me.

“ ‘Tis a hard journey, little girl,” he said, patting her; “I reckon I done wrong to fetch you.”

I can see him now, as the twilight settled down over the wilderness, his honest face red and freckled, but aglow with the tenderness it had hidden during the

day, one big hand enfolding hers, and the other on my shoulder.

"Hark, Davy!" said Polly Ann, "he's fair tired of us already. Davy, take me back."

"Hush, Polly Ann," he answered, delighted at her raillery. "But I've a word to say to you. If we come on to the redskins, you and Davy make for the cane as hard as you kin kilter. Keep out of sight."

"As hard as we kin kilter!" exclaimed Polly Ann, indignantly. "I reckon not, Tom McChesney. Davy taught me to shoot long ago, afore you made up your mind to come back from Kaintuckee."

Tom chuckled. "So Davy taught you to shoot," he said, and checked himself. "He ain't such a bad one with a pistol," — and he patted me, — "but I allow ye'd better hunt kiver just the same. And if they ketch ye, Polly Ann, just you go along and pretend to be happy, and tear off a snatch of your dress now and then, if you get a chance. It wouldn't take me but a little time to run into Harrodstown or Boone's Station from here, and fetch a party to follow ye."

Two days went by, — two days of strain in sunlight, and of watching and fitful sleep in darkness. But the Wilderness Trail was deserted. Here and there a lean-to — silent remnant of the year gone by — spoke of the little bands of emigrants which had once made their way so cheerfully to the new country. Again it was a child's doll, the rags of it beaten by the weather to a rusty hue. Every hour that we progressed seemed to justify the sagacity and boldness of Tom's plan, nor did it appear to have entered a painted skull that a white man would have the hardihood to try the trail this year. There

were neither signs nor sounds save Nature's own, the hoot of the wood-owl, the distant bark of a mountain wolf, the whir of a partridge as she left her brood. At length we could stand no more the repression that silence and watching put upon us, and when a rotten bank gave way and flung Polly Ann and the sorrel mare into a creek, even Weldon smiled as we pulled her, bedraggled and laughing, from the muddy water. This was after we had ferried the Rockcastle River.

Our trace rose and fell over height and valley, until we knew that we were come to a wonderland at last. We stood one evening on a spur as the setting sun flooded the natural park below us with a crystal light and, striking a tall sycamore, turned its green to gold. We were now on the hills whence the water ran down to nourish the fat land, and I could scarce believe that the garden spot on which our eyes feasted could be the scene of the blood and suffering of which we had heard. Here at last was the fairyland of my childhood, the country beyond the Blue Wall.

We went down the river that led into it, with awe, as though we were trespassers against God Himself, — as though He had made it too beautiful and too fruitful for the toilers of this earth. And you who read this an hundred years hence may not believe the marvels of it to the pioneer, and in particular to one born and bred in the scanty, hard soil of the mountains. Nature had made it for her park, — ay, and scented it with her own perfumes. Giant trees, which had watched generations come and go, some of which mayhap had been saplings when the Norman came to England, grew in groves, — the gnarled and twisted oak, and that godsend to the

settlers, the sugar-maple; the coffee tree with its drooping buds; the mulberry, the cherry, and the plum; the sassafras and the pawpaw; the poplar and the sycamore, slender maidens of the forest, garbed in daintier colors,—ay, and that resplendent brunette with the white flowers, the magnolia; and all underneath, in the green shade, enamelled banks which the birds themselves sought to rival.

At length, one afternoon, we came to the grove of wild apple trees so lovingly spoken of by emigrants as the Crab Orchard, and where formerly they had delighted to linger. The plain near by was flecked with the brown backs of feeding buffalo, but we dared not stop, and pressed on to find a camp in the forest. As we walked in the filtered sunlight we had a great fright, Polly Ann and I. Shrill, discordant cries suddenly burst from the branches above us, and a flock of strange, green birds flecked with red flew over our heads. Even Tom, intent upon the trail, turned and laughed at Polly Ann as she stood clutching me.

“Shucks,” said he, “they’re only paroquets.”

We made our camp in a little dell where there was short green grass by the brookside and steep banks overgrown with brambles on either hand. Tom knew the place, and declared that we were within thirty miles of the station. A giant oak had blown down across the water, and, cutting out a few branches of this, we spread our blankets under it on the turf. Tethering our faithful beasts, and cutting a quantity of pea-vine for their night’s food, we lay down to sleep, Tom taking the first watch.

I had the second, for Tom trusted me now, and glory-

ing in that trust I was alert and vigilant. A shy moon peeped at me between the trees, and was fantastically reflected in the water. The creek rippled over the lime-stone, and an elk screamed in the forest far beyond. When at length I had called Weldon to take the third watch, I lay down with a sense of peace, soothed by the sweet odors of the night.

I awoke suddenly. I had been dreaming of Nick Temple and Temple Bow, and my father coming back to me there with a great gash in his shoulder like Weldon's. I lay for a moment dazed by the transition, staring through the gray light. Then I sat up, the soft stamping and snorting of the horses in my ears. The sorrel mare had her nose high, her tail twitching, but there was no other sound in the leafy wilderness. With a bound of returning sense I looked for Weldon. He had fallen asleep on the bank above, his body dropped across the trunk of the oak. I leaped on the trunk and made my way along it, stepping over him, until I reached and hid myself in the great roots of the tree on the bank above. The cold shiver of the dawn was in my body as I waited and listened. Should I wake Tom? The vast forest was silent, and yet in its shadowy depths my imagination drew moving forms. I hesitated.

The light grew: the boles of the trees came out, one by one, through the purple. The tangled mass down the creek took on a shade of green, and a faint breath came from the southward. The sorrel mare sniffed it, and stamped. Then silence again,—a long silence. Could it be that the cane moved in the thicket? Or had my eyes deceived me? I stared so hard that it

seemed to rustle all over. Perhaps some deer were feeding there, for it was no unusual thing, when we rose in the morning, to hear the whistle of a startled doe near our camping ground. I was thoroughly frightened now,—and yet I had the speculative Scotch mind. The thicket was some one hundred and fifty yards above, and on the flooded lands at a bend. If there were Indians in it, they could not see the sleeping forms of our party under me because of a bend in the stream. They might have seen me, though I had kept very still in the twisted roots of the oak, and now I was cramped. If Indians were there, they could determine our position well enough by the occasional stamping and snorting of the horses. And this made my fear more probable, for I had heard that horses and cattle often warned pioneers of the presence of redskins.

Another thing: if they were a small party, they would probably seek to surprise us by coming out of the cane into the creek bed above the bend, and stalk down the creek. If a large band, they would surround and overpower us. I drew the conclusion that it must be a small party—if a party at all. And I would have given a shot in the arm to be able to see over the banks of the creek. Finally I decided to awake Tom.

It was no easy matter to get down to where he was without being seen by eyes in the cane. I clung to the under branches of the oak, finally reached the shelving bank, and slid down slowly. I touched him on the shoulder. He awoke with a start, and by instinct seized the rifle lying beside him.

“What is it, Davy?” he whispered.

I told what had happened and my surmise. He

glanced then at the restless horses and nodded, pointing up at the sleeping figure of Weldon, in full sight on the log. The Indians must have seen him.

Tom picked up the spare rifle.

"Davy," said he, "you stay here beside Polly Ann, behind the oak. You kin shoot with a rest; but don't shoot," said he, earnestly, "for God's sake don't shoot unless you're sure to kill."

I nodded. For a moment he looked at the face of Polly Ann, sleeping peacefully, and the fierce light faded from his eyes. He brushed her on the cheek and she awoke and smiled at him, trustfully, lovingly. He put his finger to his lips.

"Stay with Davy," he said. Turning to me, he added: "When you wake Weldon, wake him easy. So." He put his hand in mine, and gradually tightened it. "Wake him that way, and he won't jump."

Polly Ann asked no questions. She looked at Tom, and her soul was in her face. She seized the pistol from the blanket. Then we watched him creeping down the creek on his belly, close to the bank. Next we moved behind the fallen tree, and I put my hand in Weldon's. He woke with a sigh, started, but we drew him down behind the log. Presently he climbed cautiously up the bank and took station in the muddy roots of the tree. Then we waited, watching Tom with a prayer in our hearts. Those who have not felt it know not the fearfulness of waiting for an Indian attack.

At last Tom reached the bend in the bank, beside some red-bud bushes, and there he stayed. A level shaft of light shot through the forest. The birds, twittering awoke. A great hawk soared high in the blue

over our heads. An hour passed. I had sighted the rifle among the yellow leaves of the fallen oak a hundred times. But Polly Ann looked not once to the right or left. Her eyes and her prayers followed the form of her husband.

Then, like the cracking of a great drover's whip, a shot rang out in the stillness, and my hands tightened over the rifle-stock. A piece of bark struck me in the face, and a dead leaf fluttered to the ground. Almost instantly there was another shot, and a blue wisp of smoke rose from the red-bud bushes, where Tom was. The horses whinnied, there was a rustle in the cane, and silence. Weldon bent over.

"My God!" he whispered hoarsely, "he hit one. Tom hit one."

I felt Polly Ann's hand on my face.

"Davy dear," she said, "are ye hurt?"

"No," said I, dazed, and wondering why Weldon had not been shot long ago as he slumbered. I was burning to climb the bank and ask him whether he had seen the Indian fall.

Again there was silence, — a silence even more awful than before. The sun crept higher, the magic of his rays turning the creek from black to crystal, and the birds began to sing again. And still there was no sign of the treacherous enemy that lurked about us. Could Tom get back? I glanced at Polly Ann. The same question was written in her yearning eyes, staring at the spot where the gray of his hunting shirt showed through the bushes at the bend. Suddenly her hand tightened on mine. The hunting shirt was gone!

After that, in the intervals when my terror left me, I

tried to speculate upon the plan of the savages. Their own numbers could not be great, and yet they must have known from our trace how few we were. Scanning the ground, I noted that the forest was fairly clean of under-growth on both sides of us. Below, the stream ran straight, but there were growths of cane and briars. Looking up, I saw Weldon faced about. It was the obvious move.

But where had Tom gone?

Next my eye was caught by a little run fringed with bushes that curved around the cane near the bend. I traced its course, unconsciously, bit by bit, until it reached the edge of a bank not fifty feet away.

All at once my breath left me. Through the tangle of bramble stems at the mouth of the run, above naked brown shoulders there glared at me, hideously streaked with red, a face. Had my fancy lied? I stared again until my eyes were blurred, now tortured by doubt, now so completely convinced that my fingers almost released the trigger,—for I had thrown the sights into line over the tree. I know not to this day whether I shot from determination or nervousness. My shoulder bruised by the kick, the smoke like a veil before my face, it was some moments ere I knew that the air was full of whistling bullets; and then the gun was torn from my hands, and I saw Polly Ann ramming in a new charge.

“The pistol, Davy,” she cried.

One torture was over, another on. Crack after crack sounded from the forest — from here and there and everywhere, it seemed — and with a song that like a hurtling insect ran the scale of notes, the bullets buried themselves in the trunk of our oak with a chug. Once

in a while I heard Weldon's answering shot, but I remembered my promise to Tom not to waste powder unless I were sure. The agony was the breathing space we had while they crept nearer. Then we thought of Tom, and I dared not glance at Polly Ann for fear that the sight of her face would unnerve me.

Then a longing to kill seized me, a longing so strange and fierce that I could scarce be still. I know now that it comes in battle to all men, and with intensity to the hunted, and it explained to me more clearly what followed. I fairly prayed for the sight of a painted form, and time after time my fancy tricked me into the notion that I had one. And even as I searched the brambles at the top of the run a puff of smoke rose out of them, a bullet burying itself in the roots near Weldon, who fired in return. I say that I have some notion of what possessed the man, for he was crazed with passion at fighting the race which had so cruelly wronged him. Horror-struck, I saw him swing down from the bank, splash through the water with raised tomahawk, and gain the top of the run. In less time than it takes me to write these words he had dragged a hideous, naked warrior out of the brambles, and with an avalanche of crumbling earth they slid into the waters of the creek. Polly Ann and I stared transfixed at the fearful fight that followed, nor can I give any adequate description of it. Weldon had struck through the brambles, but the savage had taken the blow on his gun-barrel and broken the handle of the tomahawk, and it was man to man as they rolled in the shallow water, locked in a death embrace. Neither might reach for his knife, neither was able to hold the other down, Weldon's

curses surcharged with hatred, the Indian straining silently save for a gasp or a guttural note, the white a bearded madman, the savage a devil with a glistening, paint-streaked body, his features now agonized as his muscles strained and cracked, now lighted with a diabolical joy. But the pent-up rage of months gave the white man strength.

Polly Ann and I were powerless for fear of shooting Weldon, and gazed absorbed at the fiendish scene with eyes not to be withdrawn. The tree-trunk shook. A long, bronze arm reached out from above, and a painted face glowered at us from the very roots where Weldon had lain. That moment I took to be my last, and in it I seemed to taste all eternity. I heard but faintly a noise beyond. It was the shock of the heavy Indian falling on Polly Ann and me as we cowered under the trunk, and even then there was an instant that we stood gazing at him as at a worm writhing in the clay. It was she who fired the pistol and made the great hole in his head, and so he twitched and died. After that a confusion of shots, war-whoops, a vision of two naked forms flying from tree to tree towards the cane, and then — God be praised — Tom's voice shouting: —

“Polly Ann! Polly Ann!”

Before she had reached the top of the bank Tom had her in his arms, and a dozen tall gray figures leaped the six feet into the stream and stopped. My own eyes turned with theirs to see the body of poor Weldon lying face downward in the water. But beyond it a tragedy awaited me. Defiant, immovable, save for the heaving of his naked chest, the savage who had killed him stood erect with folded arms facing us. The smoke cleared

away from a gleaming rifle-barrel, and the brave staggered and fell and died as silent as he stood, his feathers making ripples in the stream. It was cold-blooded, if you like, but war in those days was to the death, and knew no mercy. The tall backwoodsman who had shot him waded across the stream, and in the twinkling of an eye seized the scalp-lock and ran it round with his knife, holding up the bleeding trophy with a shout. Staggering to my feet, I stretched myself, but I had been cramped so long that I tottered and would have fallen had not Tom's hand steadied me.

"Davy!" he cried. "Thank God, little Davy! the varmints didn't get ye."

"And you, Tom?" I answered, looking up at him, bewildered with happiness.

"They was nearer than I suspicioned when I went off," he said, and looked at me curiously. "Drat the little deevil," he said affectionately, and his voice trembled, "he took care of Polly Ann, I'll warrant."

He carried me to the top of the bank, where we were surrounded by the whole band of backwoodsmen.

"That he did!" cried Polly Ann, "and fetched a red-skin yonder as clean as you could have done it, Tom."

"The little deevil!" exclaimed Tom again.

I looked up, burning with this praise from Tom (for I had never thought of praise nor of anything save his happiness and Polly Ann's). I looked up, and my eyes were caught and held with a strange fascination by fearless blue ones that gazed down into them. I give you but a poor description of the owner of these blue eyes, for personal magnetism springs not from one feature or another. He was a young man, — perhaps five and

twenty as I now know age, — woodsmen-clad, square-built, sun-reddened. His hair might have been orange in one light and sand-colored in another. With a boy's sense of such things I knew that the other woodsmen were waiting for him to speak, for they glanced in at him expectantly.

"You had a near call, McChesney," said he, at length; "fortunate for you we were after this band, — shot some of it to pieces yesterday morning." He paused, looking at Tom with that quality of tribute which comes naturally to a leader of men. "By God," he said, "I didn't think you'd try it."

"My word is good, Colonel Clark," answered Tom, simply.

Young Colonel Clark glanced at the lithe figure of Polly Ann. He seemed a man of few words, for he did not add to his praise of Tom's achievement by complimenting her as Captain Sevier had done. In fact, he said nothing more, but leaped down the bank and strode into the water where the body of Weldon lay, and dragged it out himself. We gathered around it silently, and two great tears rolled down Polly Ann's cheeks as she parted the hair with tenderness and loosened the clenched hands. Nor did any of the tall woodsmen speak. Poor Weldon! The tragedy of his life and death was the tragedy of Kentucky herself. They buried him by the waterside, where he had fallen.

But there was little time for mourning on the border. The burial finished, the Kentuckians splashed across the creek, and one of them, stooping with a shout at the mouth of the run, lifted out of the brambles a painted body with drooping head and feathers trailing.

"Ay, Mac," he cried, "here's a sculp for ye."

"It's Davy's," exclaimed Polly Ann from the top of the bank; "Davy shot that one."

"Hooray for Davy," cried a huge, strapping backwoodsman who stood beside her, and the others laughingly took up the shout. "Hooray for Davy. Bring him over, Cowan." The giant threw me on his shoulder as though I had been a fox, leaped down, and took the stream in two strides. I little thought how often he was to carry me in days to come, but I felt a great awe at the strength of him, as I stared into his rough features and his veined and weathered skin. He stood me down beside the Indian's body, smiled as he whipped my hunting knife from my belt, and said, "Now, Davy, take the sculp."

Nothing loath, I seized the Indian by the long scalp-lock, while my big friend guided my hand, and amid laughter and cheers I cut off my first trophy of war. Nor did I have any other feeling than fierce hatred of the race which had killed my father.

Those who have known armies in their discipline will find it difficult to understand the leadership of the border. Such leadership was granted only to those whose force and individuality compelled men to obey them. I had my first glimpse of it that day. This Colonel Clark to whom Tom delivered Mr. Robertson's letter was perchance the youngest man in the company that had rescued us, saving only a slim lad of seventeen whom I noticed and envied, and whose name was James Ray. Colonel Clark so I was told by my friend Cowan, held that title in Kentucky by reason of his prowess.

Clark had been standing quietly on the bank while I had scalped my first redskin. Then he called Tom McChesney to him and questioned him closely about our journey, the signs we had seen, and, finally, the news in the Watauga settlements. While this was going on the others gathered round them.

"What now?" asked Cowan, when he had finished.

"Back to Harrodstown," answered the Colonel, shortly.

There was a brief silence, followed by a hoarse murmur from a thick-set man at the edge of the crowd, who shouldered his way to the centre of it.

"We set out to hunt a fight, and my pluck is to clean up. We ain't finished 'em yet."

The man had a deep, coarse voice that was a piece with his roughness.

"I reckon this band ain't a-goin' to harry the station any more, McGary," cried Cowan.

"By Job, what did we come out for? Who'll take the trail with me?"

There were some who answered him, and straightway they began to quarrel among themselves, filling the woods with a babel of voices. While I stood listening to these disputes with a boy's awe of a man's quarrel, what was my astonishment to feel a hand on my shoulder. It was Colonel Clark's, and he was not paying the least attention to the dispute.

"Davy," said he, "you look as if you could make a fire."

"Yes, sir," I answered, gasping.

"Well," said he, "make one."

I lighted a piece of punk with the flint, and, wrapping it up in some dry brush, soon had a blaze started. Looking up, I caught his eye on me again.

"Mrs. McChesney," said Colonel Clark to Polly Ann, "you look as if you could make johnny-cake. Have you any meal?"

"That I have," cried Polly Ann, "though it's fair mouldy. Davy, run and fetch it."

I ran to the pack on the sorrel mare. When I returned Mr. Clark said:—

"That seems a handy boy, Mrs. McChesney."

"Handy!" cried Polly Ann, "I reckon he's more than handy. Didn't he save my life twice on our way out here?"

"And how was that?" said the Colonel.

"Run and fetch some water, Davy," said Polly Ann, and straightway launched forth into a vivid description of my exploits, as she mixed the meal. Nay, she went so far as to tell how she came by me. The young Colonel listened gravely, though with a gleam now and then in his blue eyes. Leaning on his long rifle, he paid no manner of attention to the angry voices near by,— which conduct to me was little short of the marvellous.

"Now, Davy," said he, at length, "the rest of your history."

"There is little of it, sir," I answered. "I was born in the Yadkin country, lived alone with my father, who was a Scotchman. He hated a man named Cameron, took me to Charlestown, and left me with some kin of his who had a place called Temple Bow, and went off to fight Cameron and the Cherokees." There I gulped. "He was killed at Cherokee Ford, and — and I ran away from Temple Bow, and found Polly Ann."

This time I caught something of surprise on the Colonel's face.

"By thunder, Davy," said he, "but you have a clean gift for brief narrative. Where did you learn it?"

"My father was a gentleman once, and taught me to speak and read," I answered, as I brought a flat piece of limestone for Polly Ann's baking.

"And what would you like best to be when you grow up, Davy?" he asked.

"Six feet," said I, so promptly that he laughed.

"Faith," said Polly Ann, looking at me comically, "he may be many things, but I'll warrant he'll never be that."

I have often thought since that young Mr. Clark showed much of the wisdom of the famous king of Israel on that day. Polly Ann cooked a piece of a deer which one of the woodsmen had with him, and the quarrel died by itself when we sat down to this and the johnny-cake. By noon we had taken up the trace for Harrodstown, marching with scouts ahead and behind. Mr. Clark walked mostly alone, seemingly wrapped in thought. At times he had short talks with different men, oftenest — I noted with pride — with Tom McChesney. And more than once when he halted he called me to him, my answers to his questions seeming to amuse him. Indeed, I became a kind of pet with the back-woodsmen, Cowan often flinging me to his shoulder as he swung along. The pack was taken from the sorrel mare and divided among the party, and Polly Ann made to ride that we might move the faster.

It must have been the next afternoon, about four, that the rough stockade of Harrodstown greeted our eyes as we stole cautiously to the edge of the forest. And the sight of no roofs and spires could have been more welcome than that of these logs and cabins, broiling in the

midsummer sun. At a little distance from the fort, a silent testimony of siege, the stumpy, cleared fields were overgrown with weeds, tall and rank, the corn choked. Nearer the stockade, where the keepers of the fort might venture out at times, a more orderly growth met the eye. It was young James Ray whom Colonel Clark singled to creep with our message to the gates. At six, when the smoke was rising from the stone chimneys behind the palisades, Ray came back to say that all was well. Then we went forward quickly, hands waved a welcome above the logs, the great wooden gates swung open, and at last we had reached the haven for which we had suffered so much. Mangy dogs barked at our feet, men and women ran forward joyfully to seize our hands and greet us.

And so we came to Kaintuckee.

Notes and Study Helps

The selection "On the Wilderness Trail" is taken from Winston Churchill's book, *The Crossing*, which pictures in graphic style the great westward movement of the American people. No history is more interesting than that of the early pioneers who swept over the "Blue Wall" into Kentucky and Tennessee. The selection given here tells of the adventures of a small party of white people crossing the mountains into Kentucky. Tom McChesney, a bold backwoodsman, has left Harrodstown, a frontier post in Kentucky, to come east and marry his sweetheart, Polly Ann. Before leaving Harrodstown he gave his word to Colonel George Rogers Clark that he would return. Despite the hardships of the trail and the danger of an Indian attack, Polly Ann insists on accompanying Tom back into Kentucky, taking with her David Ritchie, a young orphan boy whom she has befriended. On the way the party is joined by a man named Weldon, who has suffered the loss of his wife and children at the hands of the Indians, and is eager for revenge. The party is attacked by Indians, but is rescued by Clark and a band of men from Harrodstown. The story is told by David Ritchie.

1. State some of the difficulties encountered by the early pioneers in crossing the Blue Ridge into Kentucky.
 2. Why was Kentucky called the Promised Land?
 3. Describe it as it appeared to David Ritchie and his party.
 4. Give an account of the Indian attack as related in this story.
 5. What was the Indian method of warfare?
 6. What kind of men were the backwoodsmen?
 7. Harrodstown was a typical frontier post. Describe it.
 8. How did the early settlers clear the ground and where did they plant their crops?
 9. Why did Clark's party observe so much caution in approaching Harrodstown?
 10. Tell what you know of the work of Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark.
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THE EXODUS FOR OREGON¹

JOAQUIN MILLER

A tale half told and hardly understood;
The talk of bearded men that chanced to meet,
That leaned on long quaint rifles in the wood,
That looked in fellow faces, spoke discreet
And low, as half in doubt and in defeat
Of hope; a tale it was of lands of gold
That lay below the sun. Wild-winged and fleet
It spread among the swift Missouri's bold
Unbridled men, and reached to where Ohio rolled.

Then long chained lines of yoked and patient steers:
Then long white trains that pointed to the west,
Beyond the savage west; the hopes and fears

¹ From Joaquin Miller's *Poems* (Bear Edition), Vol. II. Copyright, 1909, by C. H. Miller. Published by Harr Wagner Publishing Company, San Francisco. Used by permission of the publishers.

Of blunt, untutored men, who hardly guessed
Their course; the brave and silent women, dressed
In homely spun attire, the boys in bands,
The cheery babes that laughed at all, and blessed
The doubting hearts, with laughing, lifted hands!
What exodus for far untraversed lands!

The Plains! The shouting drivers at the wheel;
The crash of leather whips; the crush and roll
Of wheels; the groan of yokes and grinding steel
And iron chain, and lo! at last the whole
Vast line, that reached as if to touch the goal,
Began to stretch and stream away and wind
Toward the West, as if with one control;
Then hope loomed fair, and home lay far behind;
Before, the boundless plain, and fiercest of their kind.

At first the way lay green and fresh as seas,
And far away as any reach of wave;
The sunny streams went by in belt of trees;
And here and there the tassel'd tawny brave
Swept by on horse, looked back, stretched forth and gave
A yell of warn, and then did wheel and rein
Awhile, and point away, dark-browed and grave,
Into the far and dim and distant plain
With signs and prophecies, and then plunged on again.

Some hills at last began to lift and break;
Some streams began to fail of wood and tide,
The somber plain began betime to take
A hue of weary brown, and wild and wide
It stretched its naked breast on every side.
A babe was heard at last to cry for bread
Amid the deserts; cattle lowed and died,
And dying men went by with broken tread,
And left a long black serpent line of wreck and dead.

Strange hungered birds, black-winged and still as death,
And crowned of red with hooked beaks, blew low
And close about, till we could touch their breath —
Strange unnamed birds, that seemed to come and go
In circles now, and now direct and slow,
Continual, yet never touch the earth;
Slim foxes slid and shuttled to and fro
At times across the dusty weary dearth
Of life, looked back, then sank like crickets in a hearth.

Then dust arose, a long dim line like smoke
From out of riven earth. The wheels went groaning by
Ten thousand feet in harness and in yoke,
They tore the ways of ashen alkali,
And desert winds blew sudden, swift and dry.
The dust! it sat upon and filled the train!
It seemed to fret and fill the very sky.
Lo! dust upon the beasts, the tent, the plain,
And dust, alas! on breasts that rose not up again.

They sat in desolation and in dust
By dried-up desert streams; the mother's hands
Hid all her bended face; the cattle thrust
Their tongues and faintly called across the lands.
The babes, that knew not what this way through sands
Could mean, did ask if it would end today.
The panting wolves slid by, red-eyed, in bands
To pools beyond. The men looked far away,
And, silent, saw that all a boundless desert lay.

They rose by night; they struggled on and on
As thin and still as ghosts; then here and there
Beside the dusty way before the dawn,
Men silent laid them down in their despair
And died. But woman! Woman, frail as fair!

May man have strength to give to you your due;
You faltered not, nor murmured anywhere,
You held your babes, held to your course, and you
Bore on through burning hell your double burdens through.

Men stood at last, the decimated few,
Above a land of running streams, and they?
They pushed aside the boughs, and peering through
Beheld afar the cool refreshing bay;
Then some did curse, and some bend hands to pray;
But some looked back upon the desert, wide
And desolate with death, then all the day
They mourned. But one, with nothing left beside
His dog to love, crept down among the ferns and died.

Study Helps and Questions

1. What tales did the explorers tell about the Oregon country?
2. Where was the news spread?
3. How did it affect the people?
4. Who composed the bands of emigrants that set forth for Oregon and how did they travel?
5. Describe the course of their journey and discuss some of their hardships.
6. What birds and animals did they see?
7. What does the poem tell of their sufferings in crossing the desert?
8. What is meant by the expression "the decimated few"?
9. Describe the land as they first beheld it and tell how the sight affected them.
10. Compare the Oregon country to-day with the land as the pioneers saw it.

THE AMERICAN

J. HECTOR ST. JOHN DE CRÈVECŒUR

What then is the American, this new man? He is either an European or the descendant of an European, hence that strange mixture of blood, which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations. *He* is an American, who leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great *Alma Mater*.

Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry which began long since in the East; they will finish the great circle.

The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love this country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born.

Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal

steps the progress of his labor; his labor is founded on the basis of nature, *self-interest*; can it want a stronger allurement? Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all, without any part being claimed, either by a despotic prince, a rich ruler, or a mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him; a small voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God; can he refuse these?

The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas, and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence. — This is an American.

Study Helps and Questions

1. Why do Americans speak of Europe as "the mother country"?
2. From what parts of Europe do most of our forefathers come?
3. How can a foreign-born person become a citizen of our country?
4. What are the results of the blending of races in America?
5. Show why the foreigner is happier under our government than he is at home.
6. State some of the duties of the "new American."

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The Peace-Pipe

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manitou, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manitou, the mighty,

Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers,
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,

Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:—

“O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you!
“I have given you lands to hunt in,

I have given you streams to fish in,
 I have given you bear and bison,
 I have given you roe and reindeer,
 I have given you brant and beaver,
 Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
 Filled the rivers full of fishes;
 Why then are you not contented?
 Why then will you hunt each other?

“I am weary of your quarrels,
 Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
 Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
 Of your wranglings and dissensions;
 All your strength is in your union,
 All your danger is in discord;
 Therefore be at peace henceforward,
 And as brothers live together.

“I will send a Prophet to you,
 A Deliverer of the nations,
 Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
 Who shall toil and suffer with you.
 If you listen to his counsels,
 You will multiply and prosper;
 If his warnings pass unheeded,
 You will fade away and perish!

“Bathe now in the stream before you,
 Wash the war-paint from your faces,
 Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
 Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
 Break the red stone from this quarry,
 Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
 Take the reeds that grow beside you,
 Deck them with your brightest feathers,
 Smoke the calumet together,
 And as brothers live henceforward!”

Then upon the ground the warriors

Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending;
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-paint;
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Great Spirit, the creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

Study Helps and Questions

“The Song of Hiawatha” is based mainly on Indian legends gathered by Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is indebted for preserving much of the Indian folk-lore. Hiawatha is a mythical character of miraculous birth, who was sent among the Indians to teach

the arts of peace. He was called by various names among the different nations. The scenes of the poem are laid among the Ojibways around Lake Superior.

According to tradition, the Great Spirit at an ancient period called all the Indian nations together, and standing on a great rock of red pipe-stone he broke off a bit of the stone and fashioned it into a pipe. This he smoked over the assembled tribes, blowing the smoke to the East, the West, the North, and the South. He told them that they must use this pipe-stone, red like their own blood, for their peace pipes, and that henceforth they must never raise their weapons on its ground. The Great Spirit then disappeared in a cloud of smoke, but the Red Pipe-stone Quarry was regarded as a region of peace and was always held sacred by the Indians.

1. Who was Gitche Manitou?
2. Where did he stand? Describe his actions.
3. How did he call the Indian nations together? Name some of the nations that came. How were they dressed? What were their feelings toward each other?
4. How did the Great Spirit regard them? How did he subdue their hatred for one another? What speech did he make to them?
5. Whom did he promise to send to them as a teacher? To whom may this prophet be compared in the Christian Bible?
6. Tell how the warriors received the words of the Great Spirit and what they did.
7. Tell how the Great Spirit departed.
8. What lessons might warlike nations of the present day learn from the counsels of the Great Spirit?

FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY

We hold these truths to be self-evident: — that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. — *Declaration of Independence.*

FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY

FOREWORD

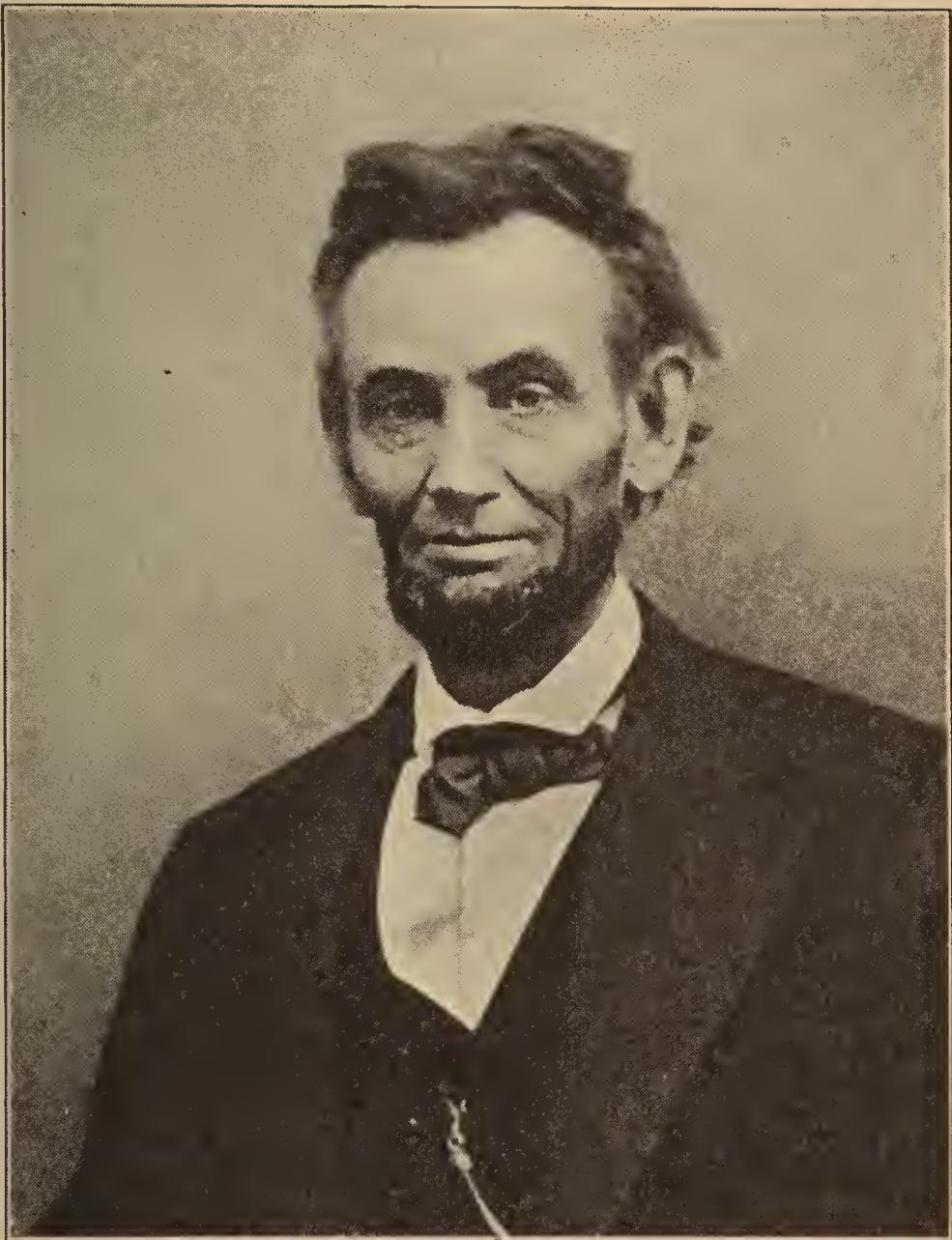
"To none will we sell or deny or delay right or justice."

These are the words of the famous Great Charter which set forth in no uncertain terms the rights of Englishmen. They are words which breathe forth a spirit of freedom and democracy which was not new to the world. Centuries before the brave barons wrested the Great Charter from the tyrannical King John, their forefathers in the forests of northern Europe gathered in the wilderness and clashed upon their shields and shouted their approval or disapproval of the laws of their tribes.

The same spirit of freedom flares forth among the early Greeks, and again we find among the early Romans in the clash between patrician and plebeian the primitive desire of man to be "free and equal." It was this democratic spirit which pulled down the mighty Caesar at the foot of Pompey's statue. It thundered forth as truly in the address of Rienzi to the Romans as it did in later years in the glowing words of our own Patrick Henry. Again and again in the history of the world has the love of freedom put the sword into the hands of man, to fight for his God-given rights.

A few hundred years after the signing of the *Magna Carta*, the descendants of those same Englishmen stated in clear and forceful words in our great Declaration of Independence that "all men are created free and equal, with certain unalienable rights." Our American forefathers took up the sword to prove these rights to the foreign-born king of England, fighting autocracy with the sympathy of their English brothers as effectually in the days of the American Revolution as their descendants to-day fought Prussian autocracy side by side in the recent World War.

The spirit of freedom in distorted forms and in false ideals speaks in riot and bloodshed, as in the days of the French Revolution, and the more recent revolutions of hungry mobs in Russia and other parts of Europe. It is all a part of a world-old struggle for freedom and "a place in the sun." It is a struggle which will cease only when men recognize God's law of right and justice to all.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
From his last photograph made in 1865

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou: one mailèd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward: terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock, and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.

Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler yet subtler: he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayest thou embrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldest thou rest
Awhile from the tumults and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

Study Helps and Questions

1. What is meant by the "Antiquity of Freedom"?
 2. To what does the poet compare Freedom?
 3. Why does he speak of Freedom as an "arméd man scarred with wars"?
 4. State some ways in which Freedom has been oppressed.
 5. How did the spirit of Freedom help the pioneer in his struggle against the wilderness?
 6. How does the poet describe Tyranny? How does he compare Tyranny and Freedom?
 7. Explain the methods that Tyranny employs to overcome Freedom.
 8. Why must Freedom never rest, but always be on its guard against fraud?
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THE SIGNING OF THE "MAGNA CARTA"**HENRY P. WARREN**

On a summer day, in the year 1215, a meadow near Windsor was the scene of an event which Englishmen look back upon as one of the most important events in their history.

The chief figure in the scene was a king — a king so bad that no other king of England has borne his name. It was John, whose rebellion had broken the heart of his father, Henry II.

John had been a bad son and a bad brother before he became a bad king. He had done his best to get the kingdom away from his brother Richard, who had in his noble way forgiven him. He was a mean, false, cruel man. When a lad, he had gone to Ireland on behalf of his father to receive the homage of the Irish chiefs, and amused himself there by pulling hairs out of their beards.

He was at heart a coward, but played the bully when he had nothing to fear. He was greedy and wasteful, slothful and stubborn, bad-tempered, and guilty of all kinds of wickedness. He actually put to death his own nephew, Arthur, a boy of sixteen, because some of his French subjects wished to have Arthur as their king.

John brought upon himself much trouble, and upon England much disgrace, by his wilful folly.

The Archbishop of Canterbury having died, a new one had to be chosen. The right of choice lay with the monks of Canterbury. An appeal was made to the Pope, who caused an English cardinal, named Stephen Langton, to be made Archbishop.

Langton was a great and good man. He was a hard worker and a learned writer; it was he who first divided the books of the Bible into chapters as they are at the present time. Above all, he tried to persuade John to rule well.

John was furious when he heard of what the Pope had done. For six years the new archbishop dared not come to England, so terrible were John's threats. The monks of Canterbury were driven out of their monastery, and the church lands were seized.

In order to force John to admit the archbishop and restore the monks, the Pope laid the country under an Interdict, that is, he ordered churches to be shut up, forbade services to be held, and would not even allow the burial service to be used.

John did not care for this; the trouble fell only on the people. Then the Pope declared that the king was no longer a member of the Church, and that he must be shunned as an outcast. The Pope also ordered Philip,

King of France, to take John's kingdom from him. When John found that Philip was preparing to do so, and that his own lords were deserting him, he gave way.

He allowed Langton to go to England; he promised to give back to the Church the lands he had taken from it.

Meanwhile the barons were growing more and more weary of John's rule. Heavy taxes were laid upon them, and in many ways they were shamefully treated. The common people fared no better.

At length, at a council held in London, Stephen Langton brought out and read to the clergy and barons the Charter of Henry I, in which that king had promised to rule England according to English law. The barons solemnly swore to compel John to rule according to this Charter.

Some time after, when John sent to ask what the barons wanted, Langton, as their spokesman, went to him, and read out the articles which afterwards became the great Charter. Then John flew into a rage, and declared that he would never agree to them. "Why do they not demand my kingdom also?" he cried.

The barons at once took up arms under Robert Fitzwalter, and were gladly welcomed by the citizens of London. Finding that his party was growing less and less, and the party of the barons stronger and stronger, the king at last gave way. At Runnymede, he signed the Great Charter of English freedom.

On the meadow of Runnymede, after sixteen years of misrule, King John was compelled to set his seal to a charter which made Englishmen forever free.

About him were grouped some of England's greatest

men. There was Cardinal Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, a wise and learned man, who loved England well. There were Robert Fitzwalter and William Marshal, great barons, who were ready to use their swords against the tyrant king. These men stood there while John unwillingly put his seal to the Charter drawn up by Langton.

How did this great Charter make Englishmen free? Firstly, it settled what the rights of the people were, and showed that there were certain things which King John must not do. Secondly, it remained for future ages to refer to: whenever a king was inclined to act like a tyrant, there was the Great Charter for the people to appeal to. It was confirmed many times by succeeding kings; upon it other charters of liberty were based.

It laid down the rule that the king could not demand money from his people without the consent of the Council of the Realm. It declared that no freeman should be put in prison, or banished, or deprived of his goods until he had been judged by his equals according to the law of the land. The laborer's tools, the merchant's goods, were as carefully guarded as the wealth of the barons.

“To none will we sell or deny or delay right or justice” are the famous words of the Charter. In short, it secured liberty and justice for all,—high and low, rich and poor.

Study Helps and Questions

1. What was the Magna Carta? When and where was it signed?
2. Describe the character of King John. State some ways in which he showed his cruel and crafty nature. What kind of a ruler did he make?

3. Who was Stephen Langton? What kind of man was he? To what position was he appointed and by whom?
 4. How did John feel about this appointment? What did he do to show his anger? How was he forced to recognize Stephen Langton's appointment?
 5. How did John treat the barons of England? How did he treat the people?
 6. What was done at the council held in London? Who was the leader of this council? How did John receive the articles drawn up by the council?
 7. How was John forced to agree to the demands of the barons? Tell what happened at Runnymede. Name some of the great leaders who opposed the tyrant king.
 8. How did the great Charter make England free? State some of the rights it secured to the people.
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THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THOMAS JEFFERSON

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: — That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the

governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity that constrains them to alter their former systems of government. . . .

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract

alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor. — *Abridged.*

Study Helps and Questions

1. What is the Declaration of Independence?
 2. Why is it so cherished by the American people?
 3. When, where, and by whom was it written?
 4. Name some famous Americans who signed it.
 5. Review briefly the causes that led to the Declaration of Independence.
 6. State some of the rights and privileges it sets forth.
 7. What is the duty of Americans with regard to the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence?
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A SPEECH IN THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION, MARCH 23, 1775

PATRICK HENRY

Mr. President: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth and listen to the song of the siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am

willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet.

Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already

exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. . . .

If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate these inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, . . . we must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight. An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? . . .

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, “Peace, peace,” — but there is no peace.

The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

Study Helps and Questions

1. Who was Patrick Henry?
 2. Why is he often called the tongue of the Revolution?
 3. When, where, and on what occasion did he make this famous speech?
 4. What did he mean by his reference to "the song of the sirens"?
 5. Explain what is meant by the expression "the lamp of experience."
 6. How does the orator speak of the attitude of the British ministry to the colonies?
 7. How does he speak of the actions of the colonies?
 8. What does he declare to be their duty?
 9. In what way does he urge the colonies to defend their rights?
 10. What spirit does he express in his famous words, "Give me liberty, or give me death"?
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LEXINGTON

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.

Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,

Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing
Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
Hark! the death volley around them is ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet!
Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
“Tell to our sons how their fathers have died”;
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier’s path
Darken the waves of wrath,
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;
Red glares the musket’s flash,
Sharp rings the rifle’s crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;
Pale is the lip of scorn,
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
Far as the tempest thrills
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her Northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea,
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!

Study Helps and Questions

The battle of Lexington was fought on April 19, 1775. It was the opening battle of the Revolution. General Gage, the British military commander at Boston, sent a detachment of British regulars under Major Pitcairn to Lexington to capture the American patriots, Samuel Adams and John Hancock, and also to destroy some American supplies at Concord, a short distance beyond Lexington. The British tried to keep their plans a secret, but the Americans soon found them out, and sent Paul Revere and William Dawes, two brave minute-men, to arouse the country. When the British entered Lexington at day-break, they were met by a small band of minute-men, and a battle ensued. Several Americans were killed and wounded, and the little band was forced to retire before the superior British force. The regulars marched on to Concord, but most of the stores had already been

removed, so that there was little left to destroy. Meanwhile, the sturdy New England farmers, roused by the wild ringing of bells, poured a deadly fire into the British regulars from every tree and stone wall, and sent them hurrying back to Boston completely routed.

1. Locate Boston, Lexington, and Concord.
 2. Where were the British forces stationed, and why?
 3. Why was a detachment sent to Lexington and Concord?
 4. When did they reach Lexington? By whom were they met?
Describe the skirmish that followed.
 5. What happened at Concord?
 6. How were the British routed?
 7. What does the first verse of the poem describe?
 8. Read the second verse and tell how the patriots died. What message did they send to their sons?
 9. Tell how the farmers were aroused. Tell how they fought.
 10. Compare the proud advance of the British regulars with their hurried retreat.
 11. How did the news of the battle of Lexington affect the country?
What was the result?
 12. What reference is made to the martyrs of Lexington, and to the land for which they made their heroic sacrifice?
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WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION

MARY E. BLAKE

Heart of the patriot touched by Freedom's kindling breath,
Pouring its burning words from lips by passion fired!
Sword of the soldier drawn in the awful face of death!
Bounteous pen of the scholar tracing its theme inspired!
Wealth of the rich man's coffers, help of the poor man's dole!
Strength of the sturdy arm and might of the statesman's
fame,
These be fit themes for praise, in days that tried the soul,
But where in the list is room for mention of woman's name?

For hers are the virtues cast in finer and gentler mould;
In quiet and peaceful paths her nature finds its scope.
Stronger in loving than hating, fond where the man is bold,
She works with the tools of patience and wonderful gifts
of hope.

Nay! When the man is called the woman must swiftly rise,
Ready to strengthen and bless, ready to follow or wait;
Ready to crush in her heart the anguish of tears and sighs,
Reading the message of God in the blind decrees of fate!

So, in days of the past, when Liberty raised her voice,
Weak as a new-born babe in the cradle who wakes and calls,
And the tremulous accents ran through the beautiful land of
her choice —

As into the heart of the mother the cry of her infant falls —
So did the hand of woman reach to hand of the man,

Helping with comfort and love, steeling his own for the strife;
Till the calm of her steadfast soul through his wavering
pulses ran,

And the blow of the husband's arm was nerved from the
heart of the wife.

Wearing a homespun gown, or ruling with easy sway
The world of fashion and pride, gilded by fortune's sun,
Rich or poor, who asks, as we read the record of to-day?
Lowly or great, who cares how the poor distinctions run?
Hallowed be every name in the roll of honor and fame,
Since on hearthstone and field they kindled the sacred fire,
Since with fostering breath they nurtured liberty's name,
And set it aloft on the heights to which heroes' feet aspire.

Molly of Monmouth, staunch in the place of her fallen brave,
Drowning the cry of defeat in the lusty roar of her gun;
Rebecca, the Lady of Buckhead, who, eager for freedom, gave
Home of her heart to the burning, and smiled when the
work was done;

Abigail Adams of Quincy, noble of soul and race,
Reader of men and books, wielder of distaff and pen;
Martha Wilson of Jersey, moving with courtly grace,
Deborah Samson, fighting side by side with the men;

Frances Allen, the Tory, choosing the better part,
Led by Ethan, the daring, to follow his glorious way;
Elizabeth Zane of Wheeling, timid, yet brave of heart,
Bearing her burden of powder through smoke and flame of
the fray;
Each, on the endless list, through length and breadth of the
land,
Winning her deathless place on the golden scroll of time,
Fair as in old Greek days the women of Sparta stand,
Linked with the heroes' fame and sharing their deeds sub-
lime.

Plain of speech and of dress, as fitted their age and place,
Meet companions for men of sterner creed and fame;
Yet knowing the worth of a word, and fair with the old-time
grace
That perfumes like breath of a flower the page that holds
their name.
Honor they taught, and right, and noble courage of truth,
Strength to suffer and bear in holy liberty's need;
Framing through turbulent years and fiery season of youth,
Soul for the valor of thought, hand for the valor of deed.

Well that with praise of the brave, song of their triumph
should blend!
Well that in joy of the land fame of their glory find part!
For theirs is the tone of the chord that holds its full strength
to the end,
When music that dies on the ear still lingers and sings in
the heart.

Letter and word may die, but still the spirit survives,

Rounding in ages unborn each frail, distorted plan;
And fittest survival is that when souls of mothers and wives
Bloom in immortal deeds through life of child and of man.

Study Helps and Questions

1. In the first verse, what reference is made to the work of man in time of war?
 2. How does the second verse speak of woman and her work in wartime?
 3. How did the women of the colonies help in the days of the Revolution?
 4. What heroines of the Revolution are mentioned in the poem? Tell how each served her country.
 5. What lessons did the women of the Revolution teach to their children? What influence did they have on the history of our land?
 6. Tell something of the war work of women in our present day. Mention some of the ways in which children helped during our last war.
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NATHAN HALE

FRANCIS M. FINCH

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat,
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Britons' camp;
He hears the rustling flag
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line,
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives out no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance —
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camps a spy has found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom.
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow, trace of gloom,
But with calm brow, steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can give
 But one life for liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
 They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
 A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
 A soldier's battle cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
 From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of Heaven,
 His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf, and Angel-leaf,
 The name of Hale shall burn.

Study Helps and Questions

1. Who was Nathan Hale?
2. Why did he go to the British camp?
3. How was he captured?
4. What was his doom? How did he receive it? How was he treated by his guards?
5. How did he die? What was his last message?
6. What do you think of Hale's work for his country?

WASHINGTON ON THE DELAWARE

JOAQUIN MILLER

The snow was red with patriot blood,
The proud foe tracked the blood-red snow,
The flying patriots crossed the flood
A tattered, shattered band of woe.
Forlorn each barefoot hero stood,
With bare head bended low.

"Let us cross back! Death waits us here!"
"Recross or die!" the chieftain said.
A famished soldier dropped a tear —
A tear that froze as it was shed;
For oh, his starving babes were dear —
They had but this for bread!

A captain spoke — "It cannot be!
These bleeding men, why, what could they?
'Twould be as snowflakes in the sea!"
The worn chief did not heed or say.
He set his firm lips silently,
Then turned aside to pray.

And as he kneeled and prayed to God,
God's finger spun the stars in space;
He spread his banner blue and broad,
He dashed the dead sun's stripes in place,
Till war walked heaven fire shod
And lit the chieftain's face;

Till every soldier's heart was stirred,
 Till every sword shook in its sheath,—
 "Up! up! Face back. But not one word!"
 God's flag above; the ice beneath—
 They crossed so still, they only heard
 The icebergs grind their teeth!

Ho! Hessians, hirelings at meat
 While praying patriots hunger so!
 Then, bang! Boom! Bang! Death and defeat!
 And blood? Aye, blood upon the snow!
 Yet not the blood of patriotic feet,
 But heart's blood of the foe!

O ye who hunger and despair!
 O ye who perish for the sun,
 Look up and dare, for God is there;
 And man can do what man has done!
 Think, think of darkling Delaware!
 Think, think of Washington!

Study Helps and Questions

On Christmas night (1776), Washington with a small force crossed the Delaware River, then full of floating ice, and in the midst of a furious snow-storm fell upon a large body of Hessians at Trenton and completely routed them, capturing a large quantity of arms. All this he did with the loss of but four men, two of whom were frozen. The victory put new life into the almost despairing hearts of the American patriots.

1. Describe the men who crossed the Delaware with Washington on this trip.
2. Explain why the snow was "red with patriot blood."
3. State some of the difficulties in crossing the Delaware at this time.
4. Why were the American troops so downcast?

5. What was Washington's attitude? Why did he have so much courage and faith?
 6. Why did Washington attack the Hessians on Christmas night?
 7. What was the result of this attack? What was its effect on the American army?
 8. What qualities of leadership did Washington show in this event?
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FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices? . . .

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to

existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors

from nation to nation. It is an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

“Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards. They simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak; and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.”

Study Helps

A few months before the close of his last term as President, Washington issued this famous address to the American people. It was the final word of a wise and loving father to his children.

Washington was an astute statesman, and in his deep unselfish affection for his people, he sought to save them from making political errors that would militate against them as a nation. Few papers have had as great an influence on political thought in America. His advice with regard to our foreign policy is of special interest.

Read the selection from his address given here, and see if you think these policies should be applied to our country to-day.

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE

CHARLES DICKENS

Saint Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shrivelled branches of trees in a winter wind: all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but, muskets were being distributed — so were cartridges, powder, and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else, set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in the walls. Every pulse and heart in Saint Antoine was on high-fever strain and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there, held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a centre point, so, all this raging circled round Defarge's wine-shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to

be sucked towards the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, laboured and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge; "and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?"

"Eh, well! Here you see me!" said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting today. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an axe, in place of the usual softer implements, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

"Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go," said madame, "with you, at present. You shall see me at the head of women, by-and-by."

"Come, then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastille!"

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack began.

Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire and through the smoke — in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannonier — Defarge of the wine-shop worked like a manful soldier, two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! “Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the Angels or the Devils — which you prefer — work!” Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

“To me, women!” cried madame, his wife. “What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!” And to her, with a shrill, thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and vengeance.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but, still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking wagon-loads of wet straw, hard work at neighbouring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom, smash and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but, still the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley — this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it — suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered!

So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him

on, that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been struggling in the surf of the South Sea, until he was landed in the outer court-yard of the Bastille. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was nearly at his side; Madame Defarge, still heading some of her women, was visible in the inner distance, and her knife was in her hand. Everywhere was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb-show.

“The Prisoners!”

“The Records!”

“The secret cells!”

“The instruments of torture!”

“The Prisoners!”

Of all these cries, and ten thousand incoherencies, “The Prisoners!” was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in, as if there were an eternity of people, as well as of time and space. When the foremost billows rolled past, bearing the prison officers with them, and threatening them all with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed, Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men — a man with a grey head who had a lighted torch in his hand — separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall.

“Show me the North Tower!” said Defarge. “Quick!”

“I will faithfully,” replied the man, “if you will come with me. But there is no one there.”

“What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?” asked Defarge. “Quick!”

“The meaning, monsieur?”

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead?"

"Kill him!" croaked Jacques Three, who had come close up.

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way, then."

Jacques Three, with his usual craving on him, and evidently disappointed by the dialogue taking a turn that did not seem to promise bloodshed, held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's. Their three heads had been close together during this brief discourse, and it had been as much as they could do to hear one another, even then: so tremendous was the noise of the living ocean, in its irruption into the Fortress, and its inundation of the courts and passages and staircases. All around outside, too, it beat the walls with a deep, hoarse roar, from which, occasionally, some partial shouts of tumult broke and leaped into the air like spray.

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, past hideous doors of dark dens and cages, down cavernous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick, more like dry waterfalls than staircases, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand and arm, went with all the speed they could make. Here and there, especially at first, the inundation started on them and swept by; but when they had done descending, and were winding and climbing up a tower, they were alone. Hemmed in here by the massive thickness of walls and arches, the storm within the fortress and without was only audible to

them in a dull, subdued way, as if the noise out of which they had come had almost destroyed their sense of hearing.

The turnkey stopped at a low door, put a key in a clashing lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in:

"One hundred and five, North Tower!"

There was a small, heavily-grated unglazed window high in the wall, with a stone screen before it, so that the sky could be only seen by stooping low and looking up. There was a small chimney, heavily barred across, a few feet within. There was a heap of old feathery wood-ashes on the hearth. There were a stool, and table, and a straw bed. There were the four blackened walls, and a rusted iron ring in one of them.

"Pass that torch slowly along these walls, that I may see them," said Defarge to the turnkey.

The man obeyed, and Defarge followed the light closely with his eyes.

"Stop! — Look here, Jacques!"

"A. M.!" croaked Jacques Three, as he read greedily.

"Alexandre Manette," said Defarge in his ear, following the letters with his swart forefinger, deeply engrained with gunpowder. "And here he wrote 'a poor physician.' And it was he, without doubt, who scratched a calendar on this stone. What is that in your hand? A crowbar? Give it me!"

He had still the linstock of his gun in his own hand. He made a sudden exchange of the two instruments, and turning on the wormeaten stool and table, beat them to pieces in a few blows.

"Hold the light higher!" he said wrathfully, to the

turnkey. "Look among those fragments with care, Jacques. And see! Here is my knife," throwing it to him; "rip open that bed and search the straw. Hold the light higher, you!"

With a menacing look at the turnkey he crawled upon the hearth, and peering up the chimney, struck and prised at its sides with the crowbar, and worked at the iron grating across it. In a few minutes, some mortar and dust came dripping down, which he averted his face to avoid; and in it, and in the old wood-ashes, and in a crevice in the chimney into which his weapon had slipped or wrought itself, he groped with a cautious touch.

"Nothing in the wood, and nothing in the straw, Jacques?"

"Nothing."

"Let us collect them together, in the middle of the cell. So! Light them, you!"

The turnkey fired the little pile, which blazed high and hot. Stooping again to come out at the low-arched door, they left it burning, and retraced their way to the courtyard; seeming to recover their sense of hearing as they came down, until they were in the raging flood once more.

They found it surging and tossing, in quest of Defarge himself. Saint Antoine was clamorous to have its wine-shop-keeper foremost in the guard upon the governor who had defended the Bastille and shot the people. Otherwise, the governor would not be marched to the Hotel de Ville for judgment. Otherwise, the governor would escape, and the people's blood (suddenly of some value, after many years of worthlessness) be unavenged.

In the howling universe of passion and contention that seemed to encompass this grim old officer conspicuous in his grey coat and red decoration, there was but one quite steady figure, and that was a woman's. "See, there is my husband!" she cried, pointing him out. "See Defarge!" She stood immovable close to the grim old officer, and remained immovable close to him through the streets, as Defarge and the rest bore him along; remained immovable close to him when he was got near his destination, and began to be struck at from behind; remained immovable close to him when the long-gathering rain of stabs and blows fell heavy; was so close to him when he dropped dead under it, that, suddenly animated, she put her foot upon his neck, and with her cruel knife — long ready — hewed off his head.

The hour was come, when Saint Antoine was to execute his horrible idea of hoisting up men for lamps, to show what he could be and do. Saint Antoine's blood was up, and the blood of tyranny and domination by the iron hand was down — down on the steps of the Hotel de Ville where the governor's body lay — down on the sole of the shoe of Madame Defarge where she had trodden on the body to steady it for mutilation. "Lower the lamp yonder!" cried Saint Antoine, after glaring round for a new means of death; "here is one of his soldiers to be left on guard!" The swinging sentinel was posted, and the sea rushed on.

The sea of black and threatening waters, and of destructive upheaving of wave against wave, whose depths were yet unfathomed and whose forces were yet unknown. The remorseless sea of turbulently swaying shapes, voices of vengeance, and faces hardened in the

furnaces of suffering until the touch of pity could make no mark on them.

But, in the ocean of faces where every fierce and furious expression was in vivid life, there were two groups of faces — each seven in number — so fixedly contrasting with the rest, that never did sea roll which bore more memorable wrecks with it. Seven faces of prisoners, suddenly released by the storm that had burst their tomb, were carried high over head; all scared, all lost, all wondering and amazed, as if the Last Day were come, and those who rejoiced around them were lost spirits. Other seven faces there were, carried higher, seven dead faces, whose drooping eyelids and half-seen eyes awaited the Last Day. Impassive faces, yet with a suspended — not an abolished — expression on them; faces, rather, in a fearful pause, as having yet to raise the dropped lids of the eyes, and bear witness with the bloodless lips, “THOU DIDST IT!”

Seven prisoners released, seven gory heads on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some discovered letters and other memorials of prisoners of old time, long dead of broken hearts, — such, and such-like, the loudly echoing footsteps of Saint Antoine escort through the Paris streets in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.

Study Helps and Questions

The Bastille was an ancient fortified castle situated in a part of Paris known as Saint Antoine. The castle was used as a prison, and during the French Revolution it was attacked by an angry mob which stormed its defenses, slew the governor and the guards, and set the prisoners free.

The storming of the Bastille occurred on July 14, 1789. The site of the castle has been marked by a bronze column.

The selection given here is taken from *A Tale of Two Cities*, a novel by Charles Dickens.

1. Where was Saint Antoine? Give a description of the confusion that existed in this quarter on the morning of July 14, 1789. How were the people arming themselves? Why?
2. Explain why the people were aroused to such fury. Tell something of the condition of their lives.
3. Where did the angry mob gather? Who were Defarge and Madame Defarge? Describe them. Why were they leaders of the mob?
4. The French peasant was often derisively called Jacques. Why did Defarge number his companions?
5. What was the Bastille? How does the author describe it? Why did the people detest it?
6. Read the vivid description of the storming of the prison. Why did the men and women fight so furiously? How was the prison fortified and by whom was it defended? What was the result of the attack by the mob?
7. What did the mob do when it swept over the prison's defenses? Where did Defarge go?
8. Defarge was deeply interested in a former prisoner named Manette. Describe his search for Manette's cell, and tell what he did when he found it.
9. What happened when Defarge joined the mob again? Tell how Madame Defarge acted.
10. How was the governor of the castle slain? What did the mob do to the prison guards? How did the released prisoners act?
11. Why did the people of Saint Antoine resort to such deeds of violence and bloodshed? What do you think of their horrible vengeance? By what means could they have secured redress for their wrongs, and established their rights without violence and bloodshed?

THE NECESSITY OF GOVERNMENT

JOHN C. CALHOUN

Society can no more exist without government, in one form or another, than man without society. The political, then, is man's natural state. It is the one for which his Creator formed him, into which he is impelled irresistibly, and the only one in which his race can exist and all his faculties be fully developed.

It follows that even the worst form of government is better than anarchy; and that individual liberty or freedom must be subordinate to whatever power may be necessary to protect society against anarchy within or destruction from without.

Just in proportion as a people are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger without, the power necessary for government to possess, in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction, becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty less and less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of the government, and individual liberty becomes extinct.

So, on the contrary, just as a people rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue, and patriotism, and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of government, the ends for which it was ordered, and how it ought to be administered, the power necessary for government becomes less and less, and individual liberty greater and greater.

Study Helps and Questions

1. Who was John C. Calhoun?
 2. What does he mean when he says that society cannot exist without government?
 3. What is anarchy?
 4. Why is even the poorest government better than anarchy?
 5. What kind of government would an ignorant and savage people require to protect them from anarchy?
 6. What kind of government is best for an intelligent patriotic people?
 7. How should people regard their duties as citizens?
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LINCOLN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:

For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes:
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,

Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

Study Helps

In this poem, Lowell speaks of Lincoln as "the first American." Explain why he is so called. How does the poet describe Lincoln? Read the biography of Lincoln, and then read the poem and see if you think that Lincoln deserves the praise bestowed upon him.

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

It has been said that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonies, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace, of this Republic, Abraham Lincoln.

He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government, charging it with such tremendous

meaning and elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

Study Helps and Questions

1. What is meant by "the typical American"?
 2. Who were the Puritans?
 3. Who were the Cavaliers?
 4. What good qualities did each contribute to the making of the Republic?
 5. What faults did each possess?
 6. How did the character of Lincoln reflect the best qualities of both Puritan and Cavalier?
 7. Explain why Lincoln represents a fine type of the true American.
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REVERENCE FOR THE LAWS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity swear by the blood of the Revolution, never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of seventy-six did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor. — Let every man remember that to

violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. *And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation;* and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

While ever a state of feeling such as this shall universally or even very generally prevail throughout the nation, vain will be every effort, and fruitless every attempt, to subvert our national freedom.

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Passion has helped us, but can do so no more. It will in future be our enemy. Reason,—cold, calculating, unimpassioned reason—must furnish all the material for our future support and defense. Let those materials be moulded into general intelligence, sound morality, and, in particular, a reverence for the Constitution and laws; and that we improved to the last, that we remained free to the last, that we revered his name to the last, that during his long sleep we permitted no hostile foot to pass over or to desecrate his resting-place, shall be that which to learn, the last trump shall awaken our Washington.

Upon these let the proud fabric of freedom rest, as the rock of its basis; and as truly as has been said of the

only greater institution, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Study Helps

Lincoln calls reverence for the laws "the political religion of the nation." Explain what he means by this expression. Read carefully what he says with reference to the laws of our country. Note how he speaks of the duty of Americans to support the Constitution. On what must our freedom rest?

In this address, Lincoln has spoken to all Americans of whatever age or condition. What lessons to guide you have you learned from this speech?

SAYINGS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Learn the laws and obey them.

I am nothing, but truth is everything.

Killing the dog does not cure the bite.

Give us a little more light, and a little less noise.

It is not best to swap horses while crossing a stream.

He sticks through thick and thin — I admire such a man.

Success does not so much depend on external help as on self-reliance.

It is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong.

When you have an elephant on hand, and he wants to run away, — better let him run.

Gold is good in its place; but living, brave, and patriotic men are better than gold.

My experience and observation have been that those who promise the most do the least.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

[On the Death of President Lincoln, April 15, 1865]

WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is
won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you the shores
a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will:
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and
done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
 Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

Study Helps and Questions

Abraham Lincoln was assassinated while attending a play in a theater at Washington, just at the close of the Civil War. His death was a terrible loss to the entire country, to the South as well as to the North. This poem compares the country to a ship, with Lincoln as its captain. The ship comes safely into the harbor, but the captain is slain as the port is reached.

1. To what does the poet refer in the expression "our fearful trip is done"?
2. How does he represent the feelings of the people on the arrival of the ship?
3. Why are they rejoicing?
4. What honors await the captain?
5. How is the death of the captain pictured?
6. In what words does the poet express grief at the loss of the captain?

Note the contrast in the last half of each stanza.

**MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR
DEMOCRACY¹****WOODROW WILSON**

Our object is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up amongst the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth ensure the observance of those principles. Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic govern-

¹ Extract from War Message to Congress.

ments backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances. We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states.

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling towards them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow-men as pawns and tools. Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor states with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked out only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions. Cunningly contrived plans of deception or aggression, carried, it may be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own. . . .

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world. We are now about to accept gauge of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included: for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are

but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancour and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion, and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for. . . .

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, Gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other

Study Helps and Questions

Woodrow Wilson's famous War Message to Congress was delivered on the evening of April 2, 1917, in the Hall of Representatives. The members of the Supreme Court of the United States and the diplomatic corps were present at the joint session of the House and Senate. Before this brilliant assemblage, the President delivered his famous speech, reviewing our relations with Germany, and expressing in clear and forcible language the attitude of a pure democracy towards the life of the world. Read carefully the extract from the famous message that is given here. Note how he speaks of our object in entering the war, of our attitude towards the German people as distinguished from the German Government, of a democracy as opposed to an autocratic government. It is a speech that breathes forth the spirit of America.

FROM ALIEN TO CITIZEN

EDWARD A. STEINER

On a certain never-to-be-forgotten day I walked to the county seat, about seven miles away, to get my papers. What seemed to me should be a sacred rite proved to be an uninspiring performance. I entered a dingy office where a commonplace man, chewing tobacco, mumbled an oath which I repeated. Then he handed me a document for which I paid two dollars. When I held the long-coveted paper in my hands, the inspiring moment came, but it transpired in my own soul.

"Fellow citizen with the saints! Fellow citizen with the saints!" I repeated it many times all to myself.

I scarcely noticed the straight, monotonous seven miles back. I was traveling a much longer road; I was reviewing my whole life. Far away across the ocean I

saw a little village in the Carpathian Mountains, with its conglomerate of warring races among which I had lived, a despised "Jew boy." Loving them all, I was hated by all.

I heard the flogging of the poor Slovak peasants, the agonized cries of Jewish men and women incarcerated in their homes, while these same peasants, inflamed by alcohol but still more by prejudice, were breaking windows and burning down houses.

I saw myself growing into boyhood more and more separated from my playmates, until I lived, a youth without friends, growing into a "man without a country."

Again I felt the desolation of the voyage on the sea, relived the sweatshop in New York, the hard labor in mill and mine, tramped across the plains and suffered anew all the agonies of the homeless, hungry days in Chicago. Then came the time when faith began to grow and the Christ became real: the reaction from a rigid theology and a distasteful, dogmatic atmosphere. After that, once more a stranger in a strange but holy place, and then a "fellow citizen with the saints!" "Fellow citizen with the saints!"

It is no wonder that strangers like myself love this country, and love it, perhaps, as the native never can. Frequently I have wished for the careless American citizen, who holds his franchise cheap, an experience like my own, that he might know the value of a freeman's birthright. It would be a glorious experience, I am sure, to feel that transition from subject to citizen, from scarcely being permitted to say "I," to those collective words: "We, fellow citizens."

Study Helps and Questions

1. What is meant by the term "alien"?
 2. How do aliens become citizens of America?
 3. Tell how the alien mentioned here became a citizen of the United States.
 4. What had been his experience in the land of his birth?
 5. How does he speak of his early experiences in America?
 6. What were his feelings on becoming an American citizen?
 7. What lessons might careless American citizens learn from this experience?
-

THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE

The men, to make a State, must be intelligent men. The right of suffrage is a fearful thing. It calls for wisdom, and discretion, and intelligence, of no ordinary standard. It takes in, at every exercise, the interests of all the nation. Its results reach forward through time into eternity. Its discharge must be accounted for among the dread responsibilities of the great day of judgment. Who will go to it blindly? Who will go to it passionately? Who will go to it as a sycophant, a tool, a slave? How many do! These are not the men to make a state.

The men, to make a State, must be honest. I do not mean men that would never steal. I do not mean men that would scorn to cheat in making change. I mean men with a single tongue. I mean men that consider always what is right, and do it at whatever cost. I mean men whom no king on earth can buy. Men that

are in the market for the highest bidder; men that make politics their trade, and look to office for a living; men that will crawl, where they cannot climb, — these are not the men to make a state.

The men, to make a State, must be brave men. I mean the men that walk with open face and unprotected breast. I mean the men that do, but do not talk. I mean the men that dare to stand alone. I mean the men that are to-day where they were yesterday, and will be there to-morrow. I mean the men that can stand still and take the storm. I mean the men that are afraid to kill, but not afraid to die. The man that calls hard names and uses threats; the man that stabs, in secret, with his tongue or with his pen; the man that moves a mob to deeds of violence and self-destruction; the man that freely offers his last drop of blood, but never sheds the first, — these are not the men to make a state.

The men, to make a State, must be religious men. To leave God out of states, is to be atheists. I do not mean that men must cant. I do not mean that men must wear long faces. I do not mean that men must talk of conscience, while they take your spoons. I speak of men who have it in their heart as well as on their brow. The men that own no future, the men that trample on the Bible, the men that never pray, are not the men to make a state.

The men, to make a State, are made by faith. A man that has no faith is so much flesh. His heart is a muscle; nothing more. He has no past, for reverence; no future, for reliance. Such men can never make a state. There must be faith to look through clouds and storms

up to the sun that shines as cheerily, on high, as on creation's morn. There must be faith that can afford to sink the present in the future; and let time go, in its strong grasp upon eternity. This is the way that men are made, to make a state.

The men, to make a State, are made by self-denial. The willow dallies with the water, draws its waves up in continual pulses of refreshment and delight; and is a willow, after all. An acorn has been loosened, some autumnal morning, by a squirrel's foot. It finds a nest in some rude cleft of an old granite rock, where there is scarcely earth to cover it. It knows no shelter, and it feels no shade. It asks no favor, and gives none. It grapples with the rock. It crowds up towards the sun. It is an oak. It has been seventy years an oak. It will be an oak for seven times seventy years; unless you need a man-of-war to thunder at the foe that shows a flag upon the shore, where freemen dwell; and then you take no willow in its daintiness and gracefulness; but that old, hardy, storm-stayed and storm-strengthened oak. So are the men made that will make a state.

The men, to make a State, are themselves made by obedience. Obedience is the health of human hearts: obedience to God; obedience to father and to mother, who are, to children, in the place of God; obedience to teachers and to masters, who are in the place of father and of mother; obedience to spiritual pastors, who are God's ministers; and to the powers that be, which are ordained of God. Obedience is but self-government in action; and he can never govern man who does not govern first himself. Only such men can make a state.

Study Helps

In this selection the fundamental virtues of good citizenship have been set down clearly and concisely.

What qualities must a man have to be a good citizen? Read the explanation the author gives. It will help you to understand your duty to your country.

THE DUTY OF AN AMERICAN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the freemen who compose it. But we have faith that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work; they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy. We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted, and enlarged, to our children and our children's children. To do so, we must show not merely in great crises but in the everyday affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood and endurance, and, above all, the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great the men who founded this republic in the days of Washington, which made great the men who preserved this republic in the days of Abraham Lincoln.

A NATION'S BUILDERS

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong —
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men, who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly —
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

ECONOMY AND INDUSTRY

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

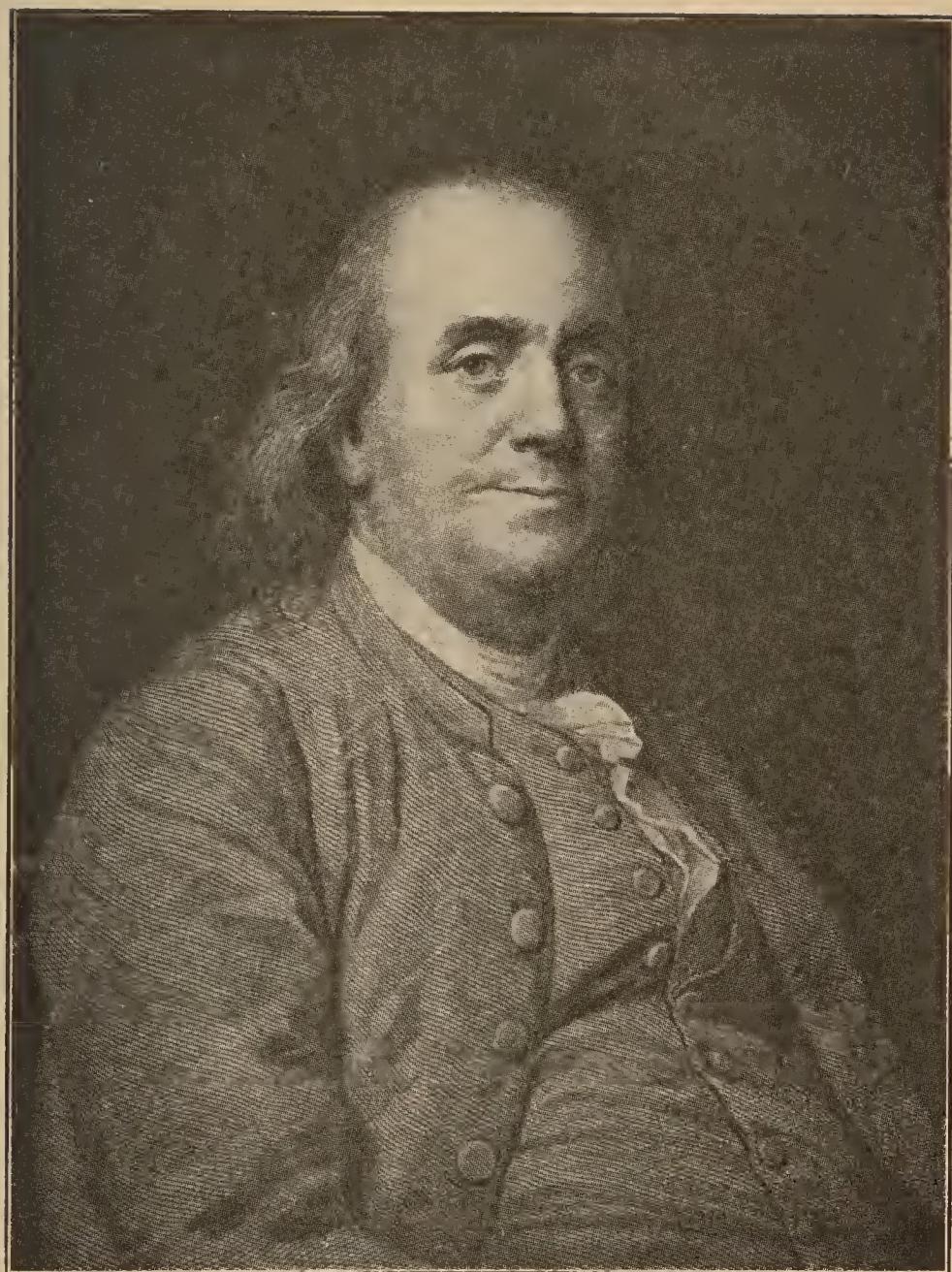
— *James Russell Lowell*

ECONOMY AND INDUSTRY

FOREWORD

If the World War had taught us nothing else but the "practice of thrift," it had almost been worth our sacrifices. As a nation we are extravagant. The very abundance of our resources has made us a wasteful people. It has been said that nations could have been fed with what we threw away. But when starving nations looked to us for food, we proved that not only are we an industrious people, but we are also an economical people. The practice of thrift became a necessity of war in order that every bit of all our vast resources might go to the cause of humanity.

The teaching of thrift is now a part of the course of study in all our schools, and the valuable lessons learned are a part not only of our present life but of all our future. The youth who learns in school to make the most of his time and opportunities will carry these valuable lessons into the business and professional world, and will become a factor in the up-building of the social and economic life of his people. We have learned the truth of the lessons taught us by our own Benjamin Franklin.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

OPPORTUNITY

JOHN JAMES INGALLS

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote; and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more.

Question not, but live and labor
Till your goal be won;
Helping every feeble neighbor,
Seeking help from none.
Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own. — *Anon.*

WORK

THOMAS CARLYLE

All true Work is sacred. In all true Work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms. O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time!

To thee, Heaven, though severe, is not unkind; Heaven is kind,—as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou too shalt return home in honor; to thy far-distant Home, in honor; doubt it not,—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not complain.'

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that!
Though thousands worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —
 As come it will, for a' that —
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's comin' yet for a' that;
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that!

Study Helps and Questions

Robert Burns was the son of a poor Scottish farmer. His early life was one of poverty and toil, with but little chance to go to school; but despite these hardships, he got an education from his sympathetic and intelligent interest in the world about him, and by reading over and over the few books he had. Then too his father and mother, when the day's work was over, would gather the children around the fireside and sing them the old Scotch songs and tell them tales. This made a deep impression on the mind of young Burns, and woke in his heart a love for the simple and beautiful things in life. He wrote verses about life as he saw it — the little daisy overturned by his plow, the field mouse in the furrow, the simple peasant folk with their loves and sorrows — all these he wrote about in such simple style that he is called Scotland's greatest poet.

Burns was truly a poet of the people, and his poem, "A Man's a Man for A' That," breathes forth a spirit of democracy that is worthy of our own land.

1. Should any one be ashamed of "honest poverty"?
2. Burns compares man to a coin, the rank being determined by the stamp on the coin, but all made of the same metal. How does he express this thought in the poem?
3. To what class of people does the poet refer when he speaks of "hamely fare" and "hodden grey"? Explain what these terms mean.

4. What is meant by the expression "A man's a man for a' that"?
How is an honest man to be regarded?
5. How does the poet speak of a lord?
6. How does the honest man compare with the man of title?
7. What democratic ideal does the poet express in the last stanza?

a', all; *birkie*, a spirited fellow; *aboon*, above; *guid*, good; *gowd*, gold; *hamely*, homely, simple; *hodden-grey*, coarse gray cloth; *gie*, give; *coof*, stupid fellow; *bear the gree*, must succeed; *warld*, world; *wha*, who; *mak*, make; *sae*, so; *mauna fa'*, must not attempt; *ca'd*, called.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

GEORGE ELIOT

May I reach

That purest Heaven,— be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion evermore intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

FRANKLIN THRIFTGRAMS

Every little makes a mickle.
Be industrious and free; be frugal and free.
All things are cheap to the saving, dear to the waste-
ful.

Waste neither time nor money, but make the best use
of both.

Remember that money is of the prolific, generating
nature.

Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more.

Beware of small expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

Buy what thou has no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.

For age and want save while you may;

No morning sun lasts a whole day.

The borrower is a slave to the lender and the debtor to the creditor.

He that murders a pound [five dollars] destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.

He that loses five shillings not only loses that sum, but all the advantage that might be made by turning it dealing, which by the time that a young man becomes old will amount to a considerable sum of money.

Remember that time is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labor, and sits idle one half that day, though he spends but six pence during his idleness, has really spent or thrown away five shillings beside.

He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

TOO DEAR FOR THE WHISTLE

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I

met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, for the impression continued on my mind, so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle," and I saved my money. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, "who gave too much for the whistle." When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps friends, to attain it, I have said to myself — "This man gives too much for his whistle." When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by neglect; "He pays, indeed," said I, "too dear for his whistle."

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth — "Poor man," said I, "you pay too dear for your whistle." When I met a man of pleasure, sac-

rificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensation, and ruining his health in its pursuit, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you are paying too dear for your whistle." If I see one fond of appearance or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, "Alas," say I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle." In short, the miseries of mankind are largely due to their false estimate of things,—to giving "too much for their whistles."

Study Helps and Questions

1. Tell the story of how Franklin bought his whistle.
 2. What did he do with it?
 3. What was the result of the bargain?
 4. What lesson did Franklin learn from the purchase of the whistle?
 5. When Franklin grew up, he observed many men giving "too much for their whistles." State some ways in which they did this.
 6. What was the result of their actions?
 7. What do you understand by the expression "too dear for his whistle"?
-

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

If pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear.
He that can travel well afoot, keeps a good horse.
Some men grow mad by studying much to know;
but who grows mad by studying good to grow?

Take this remark from Richard poor and lame,—
Whate'er's begun in anger ends in shame.

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.
He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.
Against diseases, know the strongest fence is the
defensive virtue, abstinence.

If you would have a faithful servant and one that
you like, serve yourself.

A mob's a monster; with heads enough, but no brains.
The discontented man finds no easy chair.
God helps them that help themselves.

Three can keep a secret if two of them are dead.
Diligence is the mother of good luck.

When Prosperity was well mounted, she let go the
bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

A little neglect may breed great mischief: for want
of a nail the shoe was lost, and for want of a shoe the
horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was
lost.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun
shines.

Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have
corn to sell and to keep.

Old boys have playthings as well as young ones: the
difference is only in the price.

If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it
not to a friend.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of re-
pentance.

If you would know the value of money, go and try
to borrow some: for he that goes a-borrowing goes
a-sorrowing.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Contempt.

Fly pleasures and they will follow you.

Creditors have better memories than debtors: creditors are a superstitious sect, — great observers of set days and times.

Sloth makes all things difficult: industry, all easy. But after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things: for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven.

THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL OF LABOR

ORVILLE DEWEY

Ashamed to toil art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which Mother Nature has stamped, 'midst sun and rain, 'midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature; it is impiety to Heaven; it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. TOIL, I repeat — TOIL, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords

Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing — !" he snapt and flung it from his hand
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it; and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

THE MONKEY AND THE PEAS

LEON TOLSTOY

A monkey was carrying two handfuls of peas. One little pea dropped out. He tried to pick it up, and spilled twenty. He tried to pick up the twenty, and spilled them all. Then he lost his temper, scattered the peas in all directions, and ran away

WANTED

J. G. HOLLAND

God give us men! The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands:
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue

And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

A man passes for that he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. . . . In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new-comer is as well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed and temper. —*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Perseverance is a great element of success. If you only knock long enough and loud enough at the gate, you are sure to wake up somebody. — *Longfellow.*

TODAY

THOMAS CARLYLE

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think! wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity,
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think! wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstances. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstances. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas; bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks, until the architect can make them something else. — *Thomas Carlyle*

OPPORTUNITY

JUDGE WALTER MALONE

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can";
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and yet become a man.

In every part and corner of our life, to lose one's self
is to be a gainer, to forget one's self is to be happy.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson*

The years
Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons, none
Wiser than this,—to spend in all things else,
But of old friends to be most miserly.—*J. R. Lowell*.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

ELBERT HUBBARD

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia.

How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal, there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land! It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffen-

ing of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing — “Carry a message to Garcia!”

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands are needed but has been well nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man — the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slip-shod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office — six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: “Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio.”

Will the clerk quietly say, “Yes, sir,” and go do the task? On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don’t you mean Bismarck?

What’s the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia — and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not.

Now if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift — these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first-mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate — and do not think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper?" said the foreman to me in a large factory. "Yes, what about him?" "Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what

he had been sent for." Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizen of the sweat-shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power. Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer — but out and forever out, the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best — those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself." To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dares employ him, for he is a regular

firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled No. 9 boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slip-shod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude, which, but for their enterprise, would be hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds — the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded finds there's nothing in it: nothing but board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man, who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search

for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village — in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed, and needed badly — the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

Study Helps and Questions

1. Who was President at the time of our war with Spain? Who were the Insurgents? Who was Garcia?
 2. Where was Garcia at the time the President wanted to reach him? Why did he want to reach him? Who took the President's message to Garcia? How did he take it?
 3. What lessons can be learned from Rowan's action? What lessons do young men in business need most to learn?
 4. State some reasons why men are failing in their work. What are the natural results of such failures? How can they be corrected?
 5. State some of the difficulties that an employer faces when his employees fail to coöperate with him. What is he compelled to do in such cases?
 6. State some of the rights and duties of the employer and of the employee.
 7. If employer and employee treated each other fairly, do you think such things as "strikes" would occur?
 8. What opportunities does the world offer to the honest and reliable man who does his work without question?
 9. What do you understand by the expression "Carry a message to Garcia"?
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THE BUILDERS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

DAILY WORK

CHARLES MACKAY

Who lags for dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk.
Commits a folly and a crime:
 He is a slave — a paltry knave —
 A clog upon the wheels of Time.
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free
 Who will not give, that he may live,
 His daily toil for fee.

Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health,
 And leisure, when his work is done,
 To read his book by chimney nook,
 Or stroll at setting of the sun;
Who toils as every man should toil
For fair reward, erect and free:
 These are the men — the best of men —
 These are the men we mean to be.

THRIFT WISDOM

Economy makes happy homes and sound nations.
Instil it deep. — *George Washington.*

Teach economy. That is one of the first and highest virtues. It begins with saving money. — *Abraham Lincoln.*

No boy ever became great as a man who did not in his youth learn to save money. — *John Wanamaker.*

Above all, teach the children to save; economy is the sure foundation for all virtues. — *Victor Hugo.*

Save and teach all you are interested in to save; thus pave the way for moral and material success. — *Thomas Jefferson.*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. — *The Bible.*

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

I went to Washington the other day, and I stood on the Capitol Hill; my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol and the mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, and the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the President, and the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there. And I felt

the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a republic that had taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged, its final uplifting and its regeneration.

Two days afterward, I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with big trees, encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of the pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and of the gardens, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees.

Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort. There was the old clock that had welcomed, in steady measure, every newcomer to the family, that had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead, and had kept company with the watcher at the bedside. There were the big, restful beds and the open fireplace, and the old family Bible, thumbed with the fingers of hands long since still, and wet with the tears of eyes long since closed, beholding the simple annals of the family and the heart and the conscience of the home.

Outside, there stood my friend, the master, a simple, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home, the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying

there the unspeakable blessing of the honored and grateful father and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

And as they reached the door the old mother came with the sunset falling fair on her face, and lighting up her deep patient eyes, while her lips, trembling with the rich music of her heart, bade her husband and son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the buckler and helpmeet of her husband. Down the lane came the children, trooping home after the cows, seeking as truant birds do the quiet of their home nest.

And I saw the night come down on that house, falling gently as the wings of the unseen dove. And the old man — while a startled bird called from the forest, and the trees were shrill with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the sky — got the family around him, and, taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, the little baby hiding in the folds of its mother's dress, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling God's benediction on that family and on that home. And while I gazed, the vision of the marble Capitol faded. Forgotten were its treasures and its majesty, and I said, "Oh, surely here in the homes of the people are lodged at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this republic."

Study Helps and Questions

1. Describe the author's feelings as he looked upon the capitol at Washington.
2. What did it represent to him?

3. Explain the reference made to the Ark of the Covenant.
 4. Why does he call the capitol the ark of the covenant of our country?
 5. Describe the visit to the quiet country home.
 6. Describe the people who lived in this home.
 7. How did the old father close the day's work? What effect did this quiet home life have on the visitor?
 8. Explain how "the homes of the people" are "the strength of the government, the hope of the Republic."
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THE HERITAGE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick and stone and gold,
 And he inherits soft white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old:
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
 The bank may break, the factory burn,
 A breath may burst his bubble shares,
 And soft white hands could hardly earn
 A living that would serve his turn:
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants;
 His stomach craves for dainty fare;
 With sated heart, he hears the pants
 Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
 And wearies in his easy-chair:

A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands, —
This is the best crop from thy lands:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

Study Helps and Questions

1. What does the rich man's son inherit?
 2. State some of the evil effects of his heritage.
 3. What does the poor man's son inherit?
 4. State some of the advantages of his inheritance.
 5. Compare the heritage of the rich man and the poor man, and state how you think they could help each other.
 6. What is the common heritage of both?
 7. What lessons for life should each learn from this fact?
-

And for success, I ask no more than this,—
To bear unflinching witness to the truth.
All true whole men succeed; for what is worth
Success's name, unless it be the thought,
The inward surety, to have carried out
A noble purpose to a noble end.—*James Russell Lowell.*

Let us be content in work
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little. — *E. B. Browning.*

TUBAL CAIN

CHARLES MACKAY

I

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
 In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
 The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
 On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
 As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
 Hurrah for the Spear and Sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
 For he shall be king and lord!"

II

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
 As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
 As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
 Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
 And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
 And hurrah for the metal true!"

III

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
 Ere the setting of the sun,
 And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
 For the evil he had done;
 He saw that men, with rage and hate,
 Made war upon their kind;
 That the land was red with the blood they shed
 In their lust for carnage blind.
 And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword for men whose joy
 Is to slay their fellow-man!"

IV

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
 Sat brooding o'er his woe;
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
 And his furnace smouldered low.
 But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
 And a bright courageous eye,
 And bared his strong right arm for work,
 While the quick flames mounted high.
 And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
 And the red sparks lit the air;
 "Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made": —
 As he fashioned the First Ploughshare!

V

And men, taught wisdom from the Past,
 In friendship joined their hands,
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
 And ploughed the willing lands,
 And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
 Our staunch good friend is he;

And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while Oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the Plough,
We'll not forget the Sword!"

Study Helps and Questions

Tubal Cain is a Biblical character, "an instructor in brass and iron," as we learn from the Bible itself (Genesis). The poem represents the development of the race from barbarism to civilization. In the beginning the savage delighted only in warfare, as symbolized by "the sword and the spear"; but as man became civilized, the "plowshare," emblem of peace and industry, supplanted the weapons of war. Still, when man is oppressed, he lays aside his peaceful implement and takes up the sword in defense of his rights and liberties.

1. Who was Tubal Cain?
2. When did he live?
3. Tell how he made the spear and the sword?
4. How did he feel about his handiwork?
5. How did man receive the weapons that he made?
6. Explain the change that came over his heart.
7. Why was he filled with grief over the results of his work?
8. Tell how he made the first plowshare.
9. What effect did the making of the plowshare have on man?
10. Did his use of the plow do away entirely with the use of the sword?
11. Read the entire poem and tell what you think it means. Of what is the sword an emblem? What does the plow signify? Compare the merits of each as shown by results in the world.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

This flag which we honor and under which we serve is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought, and purpose as a nation. It has no character other than that which we give it from generation to generation. — *From President Wilson's Flag Day Address, June 14, 1917.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG

FOREWORD

"Its highest beauty is that which it symbolizes."

When we see our country's flag, we see not the flag alone, with its alternate bars of red and white and its field of blue studded with stars. We see the great land over which it floats, a land which stretches from ocean to ocean, and holds within its arms as many States as there are stars on the blue field. We see the millions of people that look up to it with reverence in their eyes and love in their hearts, people who go about their daily tasks, from the highest to the lowest, toiling through the day, encouraged by the sight of the flag, and lying down to sleep at night safe under its folds.

The red speaks of the bravery of our people, the white of their purity, the blue of their truth, and the stars of the glory of their principles. Thus the flag embodies the highest ideals of our Nation, ideals by which we live and for which we would die.

In foreign lands, the flag speaks to its children of home, and to foreigners it speaks of a land of refuge where all enjoy freedom and the right to live. To foreign governments it speaks of a nation, young in the history of the world, but whose banner has never been stained by an unworthy act, a nation where millions would spring to its defense from high places and low places, to keep it unstained, and to keep it floating over "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

THE FLAG

MY PLEDGE

*I pledge my allegiance to my flag and to the Republic
for which it stands — one nation, indivisible, with liberty
and justice for all.*

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

WILBUR D. NESBIT

Your flag and my flag,
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white —
The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright —
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
For every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag —
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope —
It never hid a lie!

Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

THE AMERICAN FLAG

Your flag and my flag!
And oh, how much it holds —
Your land and my land —
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed —
Red and blue and white.

The one flag — the great flag — the flag for me and you —
Glorified all else beside — the red and white and blue!

THE AMERICAN FLAG

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,

To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthing loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And' glory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Study Helps and Questions

1. Explain the making of the flag as told in the first verse. What do the different colors symbolize?
 2. Why was the eagle chosen as the standard bearer?
 3. What qualities are represented by the eagle?
 4. What does our flag mean to our soldiers on the battlefield?
 5. What does it mean to our foes?
 6. What does our flag mean on the seas?
 7. Why do we speak of our flag as "the flag of the free"?
 8. Why does every true patriot venerate and love his flag?
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THE AMERICAN FLAG

HENRY WARD BEECHER

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation which sets it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see

in it the long buried but never dead principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy, which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no ramping lion and no fierce eagle; no embattled castles, or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the Banner of Dawn; it means *Liberty*.

Consider the men who devised and set forth this banner; they were men that had taken their lives in their hands and consecrated all their worldly possessions — for what? For the doctrines and for the personal fact, of liberty — for the right of *all* men to liberty.

If any one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him, It means just what Concord and Lexington meant; what Bunker Hill meant; it means the whole glorious Revolutionary War, which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known — the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

The history of this banner is all on the side of rational liberty. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands of West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner. It cheered our army, driven out from around New York, and in their painful pilgrimages through New Jersey. This banner streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and at Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation.

And when at length the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington, while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggle ended with victory.

How glorious, then, has been its origin! How glorious has been its history! How divine is its meaning! In all the world is there another banner that carries such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring

truth, as our dear old American flag? made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never, not once, in all the earth made to stoop to despotism!

Accept it, then, in all its fullness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the government. It is the free people that stand *in* the government, *on* the Constitution. Forget not what it means; and for the sake of its ideas, rather than its mere emblazonry, be true to your country's flag. By your hands lift it; but let your lifting be no holiday display. It must be advanced "*because of the truth.*"

Study Helps and Questions

1. What does the thoughtful mind see in a nation's flag?
2. Explain what is symbolized by the French flag; by the Italian flag; by the flag of Great Britain.
3. What does the American flag represent? Why is it called "the Banner of Dawn"? Why does it symbolize liberty more than any other banner?
4. Explain how the flag represents the fine ideals of the men who devised and fought for it in the days of the Revolution. Name some of the heroes of the Revolution who fought for the flag and some of the battles in which it led them to victory.
5. What is the full meaning of the American flag? For what principles does it stand?
6. The American flag represents the American people. What duties does it impose on every true American citizen?

UNION AND LIBERTY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us the Many in One!

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

GOD SAVE THE FLAG

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming,
Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,
Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,
Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall;
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it.
Emblem of justice and mercy to all:

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,
Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations,
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze!

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!

YOUR COUNTRY AND YOUR FLAG¹

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

"Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it, when you are free. And for your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your mother!"

Study Helps

This speech is an extract from the book *A Man Without a Country* by Edward Everett Hale. According to the story, Philip Nolan, a young naval officer, was courtmartialed for alleged conspiracy with

¹ The speech of Philip Nolan from *The Man without a Country*.

Aaron Burr. In a fit of rage at his trial, Nolan cursed the United States, and declared that he wished never to hear the name of his country again. The court decreed that his wish should be gratified. Accordingly Nolan was put aboard a man-of-war bound for foreign parts, but as soon as the vessel was on its return voyage, he was transferred to another outward bound ship. Moreover, he was never permitted to communicate in any way with his home or friends, and never allowed to read or to hear the name of his native land. The speech given here shows how keen his suffering was in his exile. The story has no historical foundation.

WHAT THE FLAG MEANS

CHARLES E. HUGHES

This flag means more than association and reward. It is the symbol of our national unity, our national endeavor, our national aspiration. It tells you of the struggle for independence, of union preserved, of liberty and union one and inseparable, of the sacrifices of brave men and women to whom the ideals and honor of this nation have been dearer than life.

It means America first; it means an undivided allegiance. It means America united, strong and efficient, equal to her tasks. It means that you cannot be saved by the valor and devotion of your ancestors; that to each generation comes its patriotic duty; and that upon your willingness to sacrifice and endure as those before you have sacrificed and endured rests the national hope.

It speaks of equal rights; of the inspiration of free institutions exemplified and vindicated; of liberty under law intelligently conceived and impartially administered.

There is not a thread in it but scorns self-indulgence,

weakness, and rapacity. It is eloquent of our community interests, outweighing all divergences of opinion, and of our common destiny.

Given as a prize to those of the highest standing, it happily enforces the lesson that intelligence and zeal must go together, that discipline must accompany emotions, and that we must ultimately rely upon enlightened opinion.

Study Helps

This address was made to a graduating class at a school in Washington, June, 1916, on the occasion of presenting a flag to the honor members. Rarely has the meaning of the flag been set forth in such forceful terms.

Read the address carefully and see if it helps you to find a new meaning in our national banner.

How should the honor members have regarded the "prize" they received? What should be the feeling of all true Americans towards their flag?

THE CALL TO THE COLORS

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

"Are you ready, O Virginia,
Alabama, Tennessee,
People of the Southland, answer!
For the land hath need of thee."
"Here!" from sandy Rio Grande,
Where the Texan horsemen ride;
"Here!" the hunters of Kentucky
Hail from Chatterawah's side;
Every toiler in the cotton,
Every rugged mountaineer,
Velvet-voiced and iron-handed,
Lifts his head to answer "Here!"

Some remain who charged with Pickett,
Some survive who followed Lee;
They shall lead their sons in battle
For the flag, if need there be.

“Are you ready, California,
Arizona, Idaho?
Come, oh come unto the colors!
Hear ye not the bugle blow?”
Falls a hush in San Francisco
In the busy hives of trade;
In the vineyards of Sonoma
Falls the pruning knife and spade;
In the mines of Colorado
Pick and drill are thrown aside;
Idly in Seattle harbour
Swing the merchants to the tide;
And a million mighty voices
Throb responsive like a drum,
Rolling from the rough Sierras,
“You have called us, and we come.”

O'er Missouri sounds the challenge —
O'er the great lakes and the plain;
“Are you ready, Minnesota?
Are you ready, men of Maine?”
From the woods of Ontonagon,
From the farms of Illinois,
From the looms of Massachusetts,
“We are ready, man and boy.”
Ax-men free, of Androscoggin,
Clerks who trudge the cities' paves,
Gloucester men who drag their plunder
From the sullen, hungry waves,

Big-boned Swede and large-limbed German,
Celt and Saxon swell the call,
And the Adirondacks echo,
“We are ready, one and all.”

Truce to feud and peace to faction!
All forgot is party zeal
When the war-ships clear for action
When the blue battalions wheel.
Europe boasts her standing armies,—
Serfs who blindly fight by trade;
We have seven million soldiers,
And a soul guides every blade.
Labourers with arm and mattock,
Labourers with brain and pen,
Railroad prince and railroad brakeman
Build our line of fighting men.
Flag of righteous wars! close mustered
Gleam the bayonets, row on row,
Where thy stars are sternly clustered,
With their daggers towards the foe.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

FRANKLIN K. LANE

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: “Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker.”

“I beg your pardon, Old Glory,” I said, “aren’t you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States,

nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color,

a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

Study Helps

This address was delivered before the government clerks of the Department of Interior at Washington, on Flag Day, 1914. It represents the flag as speaking to a government clerk. Read its speech, and you will understand what the flag stands for

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,— all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

THE FLAG DAY ADDRESS

WOODROW WILSON

My Fellow-Citizens:

We meet to celebrate Flag Day because this flag which we honor and under which we serve is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that

execute those choices, whether in peace or in war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us — speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us and of the records they wrote upon it. We celebrate the day of its birth; and from its birth until now it has witnessed a great history, has floated on high the symbol of great events, of a great plan of life worked out by a great people. We are about to carry it into battle, to lift it where it will draw the fire of our enemies. We are about to bid thousands, hundreds of thousands, it may be millions, of our men, the young, the strong, the capable men of the nation, to go forth and die beneath it on fields of blood far away — for what? For some unaccustomed thing? For something for which it has never sought the fire before? American armies were never before sent across the seas. Why are they sent now? For some new purpose, for which this great flag has never been carried before, or for some old, familiar, heroic purpose for which it has seen men, its own men, die on every battlefield upon which Americans have borne arms since the Revolution?

These are questions which must be answered. We are Americans. We in our turn serve America, and can serve her with no private purpose. We must use her flag as she has always used it. We are accountable at the bar of history and must plead in utter frankness what purpose it is we seek to serve.

Study Helps

This address was delivered by the President of the United States, at Washington, on Flag Day, June 14, 1917. Our country had just entered the World War, and this memorable address stirred the hearts of patriotic Americans to serve their country, even as their forefathers

had served in the days of the Revolution and in all the succeeding wars that involved their country's honor.

The flag must always stand for the highest ideals of a people, who owe it the truest devotion, and they must be ever ready to defend it at any sacrifice.

THE FLAG IN BELGIUM

WILLIAM C. EDGAR

We stood on Belgium's tortured soil,
War-scarred it was — blood red,
While Hunger stalked the smitten land
And widows mourned their dead;
And there was nowhere sign of hope,
And nowhere help was nigh,
Save in that spot where flew our flag,
The Stars and Stripes, on high.

Beneath it, safe protected, lay
The food by Pity sent,
And where it waved, Compassion stood
With succor for the spent.
The little children blessed the flag,
And women kissed its bars,
And men looked up, again with hope
To gaze upon its stars.

Go, trace its glories to their source
In fights by land or sea,
And tell of all that made this flag
The emblem of the free.
But nobler fight was never waged
Nor higher honour gained
Than where this flag 'gainst Famine's force
God's mercy still maintained.

THE OLD FLAG FOREVER

FRANK L. STANTON

She's up there — Old Glory — where lightnings are sped;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead —
The flag of our country forever!

She's up there — Old Glory — how bright the stars stream!
And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam!
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream
'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there — Old Glory — no tyrant-dealt scars
Nor blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars —
She's the flag of our country forever!

A TOAST TO THE SONS OF THE FLAG

GEORGE MORROW MAYO

Here's to the Blue of the wind-swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the sons of the North advance.

And here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the sons of the South advance.

And here's to the Blue and Gray as one,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of God be with us all
As the sons of the Flag advance.

OUR NATIONAL BANNER

EDWARD EVERETT

All hail to our glorious ensign! Courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be entrusted! Wheresoever on the earth's surface the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wave in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across a mighty continent, and floating in triumph on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace, forever follow where it leads the way.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

“There is a heritage of heroic example and noble obligation, not reckoned in the Wealth of Nations, but essential to a Nation’s life, the contempt of which, in any people, may, not slowly, mean even its commercial fall.”

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

FOREWORD

What is it to be an American?

It is to be faithful to the fine principles of truth and honor laid down for us by the great leaders of our land, by such splendid Americans as Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Lee, and a host of others whose names have adorned the pages of our history, and who have left to us the priceless heritage of noble example.

It is to remember that men are more than nations, and that a nation is not greater or better than the individual men of which it is composed.

It is to live in our relation to God and our fellowmen so as to be always the truest examples of purest manhood and womanhood.

It is to feel that in ourselves as individuals our nation survives or falls, and our conduct must ever prove our loyalty to God and our native land.

To be an American, we must remember that we carry with us wherever we go a responsibility to our past and to our future. We must remember that as individuals we are trusted with the sacred honor of our land, and that we must so live as to keep that honor unstained before God and our fellowman, and if need be to die to leave it unstained.

This is what it means to be an American



WOODROW WILSON

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

KATHARINE LEE BATES

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
 That sees beyond the years
 Thine alabaster cities gleam
 Undimmed by human tears!
 America! America!
 God shed His grace on thee
 And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea!

Study Helps and Questions

1. Explain the natural advantages of America as described in the first verse.
 2. What is meant by the expression "Crown thy good with brotherhood"?
 3. What period in our country's history is understood by the references made in the third verse?
 4. What heroes proved in "liberating strife" their love for their country?
 5. What is meant by the expression "alabaster cities"?
 6. Does the true patriot labor only for his country's present good?
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THE DUTY AND VALUE OF PATRIOTISM

JOHN IRELAND

The God-given mission of the Republic of America is not confined to its own people — it extends to all the peoples of the earth, to whom it is the symbol of human rights and of human liberty, and towards whom its flag flutters hopes of future happiness.

Is there not for Americans meaning to the word "country"? Is there not for Americans reason to live for country, and, if need be, to die for country? . . . In every country, patriotism is a duty: in America, it is a duty thrice sacred. . . . The duty of patriotism is the

duty of justice and of gratitude. The country fosters and protects our dearest interests; it protects our hearths and altars. Without it there is no safety for life and property, no opportunity for development and progress. We are wise of our country's wisdom, rich of its opulence, strong of its fortitude, resplendent of its glory.

The prisoner Paul rose at once into proud distinction and commanded the respect of Roman soldiers and Palestinian Jews when, to the question of the tribune at Jerusalem: "Art thou a Roman?" . . . he replied, "I am." The title of honor, among the peoples of antiquity, was "*Civis Romanus* — a Roman citizen." More significant today, throughout the world, is the title: "*Civis Americanus* — an American citizen."

Study Helps and Questions

1. What does the author mean when he says that the "mission of the Republic of America is not confined to its own people"?
 2. What does the word "country" mean to Americans?
 3. Why is patriotism especially a duty in America?
 4. Explain the Biblical reference made to "the prisoner Paul."
 5. Why was the title "Roman citizen" a mark of honor among ancient peoples?
 6. Why is the title "American citizen" a mark of honor in the world to-day?
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WHAT MAKES A NATION?

W. D. NESBIT

What makes a nation? Bounding lines that lead from shore to shore,

That trace its girth on silent hills or on the prairie floor,
That hold the rivers and the lakes and all the fields between —

The lines that stand about the land a barrier unseen?

Or is it guns that hold the coast, or ships that sweep the seas,
The flag that flaunts its glory in the racing of the breeze;
The chants of peace, or battle hymn, or dirge, or victor's
song,
Or parchment screed, or storied deed, that makes a nation
strong?

What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or flags or guns?
Or is it that great common heart which beats in all her sons —
That deeper faith, that truer faith, the trust in one for all
Which sets the goal for every soul that hears his country's
call?

This makes a nation great and strong and certain to endure,
This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and makes him
sure;
Which makes him know there is no north or south or east or
west,
But that his land must ever stand the bravest and the best.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
But with thy children — thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all —
These are thy fetters — seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell?

— *William Cullen Bryant*

LOVE OF COUNTRY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own — my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

THE FATHERLAND

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the free-winged spirit scorn
In such pent borders to be spanned?
 Oh yes, his fatherland must be
 As the blue heavens wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span

For the soul's love of home than this?
 Oh yes! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heavens wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
 Joy's myrtle wreath, or sorrow's gyves,
 Where'er a human spirit strives
 After a life more pure and fair,
 There is the true man's birthplace grand!
 His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
 Where'er one man may help another —
 Thank God for such a birthright, brother!
 That spot of earth is thine and mine;
 There is the true man's birthplace grand!
 His is the world-wide fatherland!

DEFENCE OF THE ALAMO

JOAQUIN MILLER

Santa Anna came storming, as a storm might come;
 There was a rumble of cannon; there was a rattle of blade;
 There was cavalry, infantry, bugle and drum, —
 Full seven thousand in pomp and parade,
 The chivalry, flower of Mexico;
 And a gaunt two hundred in the Alamo.

And thirty lay sick, and some were shot through;
 For the siege had been bitter and bloody and long,
 "Surrender, or die." — "Men, what will you do?"
 And Travis, great Travis, drew sword, quick and strong;
 Drew a line at his feet. "Will you come? Will you go?
 I die with my wounded, in the Alamo."

The Bowie gasped, "Lead me over that line!"

Then Crockett, one hand on the sick, one hand on his gun,
Crossed with him; then never a word nor a sign,

Till all, sick or well — all, all save but one,
One man. Then a woman, stepped, praying, and slow
Across; to die at her post in the Alamo.

Then that one coward fled, in the night, in that night

When all men silently prayed and thought
Of home; of tomorrow; of God and the right,
Till dawn; and with dawn came Travis's cannon-shot,
In answer to insolent Mexico,
From the old bell-tower of the Alamo.

Then came Santa Anna; a crescent of flame!

Then the red escalade; then the fight hand to hand;
Such an unequal fight as never had name
Since the Persian hordes butchered that doomed Spartan
band.

All day — all day and all night, and the morning? so slow,
Through the battle smoke mantling the Alamo.

Now silence! Such silence! Two thousand lay dead
In a crescent outside! And within? Not a breath
Save the gasp of a woman, with gory gashed head,
All alone, all alone there, waiting for death;
And she but a nurse. Yet when shall we know
Another like this of the Alamo?

Shout "Victory, victory, victory, ho!"

I say 'tis not always to the hosts that win!
I say that the victory, high or low,
Is given the hero who grapples with sin,
Or legion or single; just asking to know,
When duty fronts death in his Alamo.

Study Helps and Questions

In 1836, Texas revolted against Mexico. During the struggle, Santa Anna, President of Mexico, attacked the Alamo, an old mission near San Antonio, used as a fort by the Americans. Every one of the small garrison perished in its defence. "Remember the Alamo!" became the battle cry of the Texans, and roused by the martyrdom of their countrymen, they completely routed the Mexican enemy and gained their independence.

1. What was the Alamo?
 2. By whom was it defended? By whom attacked?
 3. Tell the story of the attack as it is given in the poem. Name some of the brave defenders of the Fort. How did the nurse act in the face of danger? What do you think of the action of the coward?
 4. What was the result of the attack? What advantages did Santa Anna have over the little garrison of the Alamo?
 5. Do you understand the reference made to the Spartans at Thermopylae? Compare the battle of Thermopylae with the siege of the Alamo.
 6. What was the result of the fall of the Alamo?
 7. What lessons for life does the poet draw from this event? •
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THE NEW SOUTH

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

[The following is an extract from an address on "The New South" given before the New England Society in New York in 1886. Henry Grady was one of the most progressive men who labored to upbuild the South after the Civil War. He did much to harmonize the North and South after the war was over.]

You of the North have had drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. You have heard how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and

victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor?

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find — let me ask you — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training, and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal, among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the states was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy; and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and

to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back.

Study Helps and Questions

1. Contrast the return of the soldier of the North with the return of the Confederate soldier.
 2. What did the Confederate soldier find on his return?
 3. State some of the difficulties he had to face. How did he face them?
 4. Compare the South of to-day with the South at the close of the Civil War. How has the problem of the free negro been handled?
 5. To what does the South owe her prosperity?
-

ONE COUNTRY

FRANK LEBBY STANTON

After all,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality,—
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory or her shame:
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!

After all —
Hark! from the heights the clear, strong, clarion call
And the command imperious: "Stand forth,
Sons of the South and brothers of the North!
Stand forth and be
As one on soil and sea —
Your country's honour more than empire's worth!"

After all, . . .

'Tis Freedom wears the loveliest coronal;
Her brow is to the morning; in the sod
She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod
Answers her call
And rises like a wall
Against the foes of liberty and God!

The poem "One Country," by F. L. Stanton, breathes the spirit of a reunited country, the spirit of America.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

JAMES MONROE

In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted.

We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. In the war between those new Governments and Spain we declared our neutrality at the time of their recognition, and to this we have adhered, and shall continue to adhere, provided no change shall occur which, in the judgment of the competent authorities of this Government, shall make a corresponding change on the part of the United States indispensable to their security.

Study Helps

James Monroe, the fifth president of the United States, in his message to Congress, December 2, 1823, declared that while the United States was resolved not to meddle in European affairs, she was equally determined that Europe should not meddle with affairs in the New World. This declaration was occasioned by the fact that several South American countries had at that time become republics; and as most European countries were monarchies they looked with jealous eyes on the new republics, and were suspected of planning to interfere with their liberties. President Monroe's famous message declared that "America is for Americans" and all countries of both North and South America

must manage their own affairs in their own way, without interference from Europe. This is known as the "Monroe Doctrine." It has often been tested and has become part of the political creed of our country.

AMERICA

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

O mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace;
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step, — the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.

Power, at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies,
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO RULE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Friends, our task as Americans is to strive for social and industrial justice, achieved through the genuine rule of the people. This is our end, our purpose.

The methods for achieving the end are merely expedients, to be finally accepted or rejected according as actual experience shows that they work well or ill. But in our hearts we must have this lofty purpose, and we must strive for it in all earnestness and sincerity, or our work will come to nothing.

In order to succeed, we need leaders of inspired idealism, leaders to whom are granted great visions, who dream greatly and strive to make their dreams come true; who can kindle the people with the fire from their

own burning souls. The leader for the time being, who-ever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt, he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is, spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind.

We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men. If on this new continent we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing; and we shall do as little if we merely set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance, and thereby destroy the material well-being of all of us. To turn this Government either into government by a plutocracy or government by a mob, would be to repeat on a larger scale the lamentable failures of the world that is dead.

We stand against all tyranny, by the few or by the many. We stand for the rule of the many in the interest of all of us, for the rule of the many in a spirit of courage, of common sense, of high purpose; above all, in a spirit of kindly justice toward every man and every woman. We not merely admit, but insist, that there must be self-control on the part of the people, that they must keenly perceive their own duties as well as the rights of others; but we also insist that the people can do nothing unless

they not merely have, but exercise to the full, their own rights.

The worth of our great experiment depends upon its being in good faith an experiment — the first that has ever been tried — in true democracy on the scale of a continent, on a scale as vast as that of the mightiest empires of the Old World. Surely this is a noble ideal, an ideal for which it is worth while to strive, an ideal for which at need it is worth while to sacrifice much; for our ideal is the rule of all the people in a spirit of friendliest brotherhood toward each and every one of the people.

Study Helps

This is from an address delivered at Carnegie Hall, New York City, March 20, 1912. It speaks of the true ideals of the American people in clear and forceful terms that are easily understood. It breathes forth a spirit of pure democracy, "the right of the people to rule," but it also sets forth the duties and obligations of a people who would rule themselves. Read the entire speech and take to heart the fine lessons for American citizenship that it contains.

The primal duty of Americans is never to forget that men are more than nations; that wisdom is more than glory, and virtue more than dominion of the sea. The greatness of a nation lies not in its bigness but in its justice, in the wisdom and virtue of its people, and in the prosperity of their individual affairs. The nation exists for its men, never the men for the nation. — *David Starr Jordan.*

"The grandest heritage a hero can leave his race is to have been a hero."

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE¹

ELLEN GLASGOW

The last day of Circuit Court was over at Kingsborough.

The jury had vanished from the semicircle of straight-backed chairs in the old court-house, the clerk had laid aside his pen along with his air of listless attention, and the judge was making his way through the straggling spectators to the sunken stone steps of the platform outside. As the crowd in the doorway parted slightly, a breeze passed into the room, scattering the odors of bad tobacco and farm-stained clothing. The sound of a cow-bell came through one of the small windows, from the green beyond, where a red-and-white cow was browsing among the buttercups.

"A fine day, gentlemen," said the judge, bowing to right and left. "A fine day."

He moved slowly, fanning himself absently with his white straw hat, pausing from time to time to exchange a word of greeting — secure in the affability of one who is not only a judge of man but a Bassett of Virginia. From his classic head to his ill-fitting boots he upheld the traditions of his office and his race.

On the stone platform, just beyond the entrance, he stopped to speak to a lawyer from a neighboring county. Then, as a clump of men scattered at his approach, he waved them together with a bland, benedictory gesture which descended alike upon the high and the low, upon the rector of the old church up the street, in his rusty

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black, and upon the red-haired, raw-boned farmer with his streaming brow.

"Glad to see you out, sir," he said to the one, and to the other, "How are you, Burr? Time the crops were in the ground, isn't it?"

Burr mumbled a confused reply, wiping his neck laboriously on his red cotton handkerchief.

"The corn's been planted goin' on six weeks," he said more distinctly, ejecting his words between mouthfuls of tobacco juice as if they were pebbles which obstructed his speech. "I al'ays stick to plantin' yo' corn when the hickory leaf's as big as a squirrel's ear. If you don't the luck's agin you."

"An' whar thar's growin' corn thar's a sight o' hoein'," put in an alert, nervous-looking countryman. "If I lay my hoe down for a spell, the weeds git so big I can't find the crop."

Amos Burr nodded with slow emphasis: "I never see land take so natural to weeds nohow as mine do," he said. "When you raise peanuts you're raisin' trouble."

He was a lean, overworked man, with knotted hands the color of the soil he tilled and an inanely honest face, over which the freckles showed like splashes of mud freshly dried. As he spoke he gave his blue jean trousers an abrupt hitch at the belt.

"Dear me! Dear me!" returned the judge with absent-minded, habitual friendliness, smiling his rich, benevolent smile. Then, as he caught sight of a smaller red head beneath Burr's arm, he added: "You've a right-hand man coming on, I see. What's your name, my boy?"

The boy squirmed on his bare, brown feet and wriggled

his head from beneath his father's arm. He did not answer, but he turned his bright eyes on the judge and flushed through all the freckles of his ugly little face.

"Nick — that is, Nicholas, sir," replied the elder Burr with an apologetic cough, due to the insignificance of the subject. "Yes, sir, he's leetle, but he's plum full of grit. He can beat any nigger I ever seed at the plow. He'd outplow me if he war a head taller."

"That will mend," remarked the lawyer from the neighbouring county with facetious intention. "A boy and a beanstalk will grow, you know. There's no helping it."

"Oh, he'll be a man soon enough," added the judge, his gaze passing over the large, red head to rest upon the small one, "and a farmer like his father before him, I suppose."

He was turning away when the child's voice checked him, and he paused.

"I — I'd ruther be a judge," said the boy.

He was leaning against the faded bricks of the old court-house, one sunburned hand playing nervously with the crumbling particles. His honest little face was as red as his hair.

The judge started.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and he looked at the child with his kindly eyes. The boy was ugly, lean, and stunted in growth, browned by hot suns and powdered by the dust of country roads, but his eyes caught the gaze of the judge and held it.

Above his head, on the brick wall, a board was nailed, bearing in black marking the name of the white-sand street which stretched like a chalk-drawn line from the

grass-grown batt fields to the pale old buildings of King's College. The street had been called in honour of a duke of Gloucester. It was now "Main" Street, and nothing more, though it was still wide and white and placidly impressed by the slow passage of Kingsborough feet. Beyond the court-house the breeze blew across the green, which was ablaze with buttercups. Beneath the warm wind the yellow heads assumed the effect of a brilliant tangle, spreading over the unploughed common, running astray in the grass-lined ditch that bordered the walk, hiding beneath dusty-leaved plants in unsuspected hollows, and breaking out again under the horses' hoofs in the sandy street.

"Ah!" exclaimed the judge, and a good-natured laugh ran round the group.

"Wall, I never!" ejaculated the elder Burr, but there was no surprise in his tone; it expressed rather the helplessness of paternity.

The boy faced them, pressing more firmly against the bricks.

"There ain't nothin' in peanut-raisin'," he said. "It's jest farmin' fur crows. I'd ruther be a judge."

The judge laughed and turned from him.

"Stick to the soil, my boy," he advised. "Stick to the soil. It is the best thing to do. But if you choose the second best, and I can help you, I will — I will, upon my word — Ah! General," to a jovial-faced, wide-girthed gentleman in a brown linen coat, "I'm glad to see you in town. Fine weather!"

He put on his hat, bowed again, and went on his way.

He passed slowly along in the spring sunshine, his feet crunching upon the gravel, his straight shadow falling

upon the white level between coarse fringes of wire-grass. Far up the town, at the street's sudden end, where it was lost in diverging roads, there was visible, as through a film of bluish smoke, the verdigris-green foliage of King's College. Nearer at hand the solemn cruciform of the old church was steeped in shade, the high bell-tower dropping a veil of English ivy as it rose against the sky. Through the rusty iron gate of the graveyard the marble slabs glimmered beneath submerging grasses, long, pale, tremulous like reeds.

The grass-grown walk beside the low brick wall of the churchyard led on to the judge's own garden, a square enclosure, laid out in straight vegetable rows, marked off by variegated borders of flowering plants — hearts-ease, foxglove, and the red-lidded eyes of scarlet poppies. Beyond the feathery green of the asparagus bed there was a bush of flowering syringa, another at the beginning of the grass-trimmed walk, and yet another brushing the large white pillars of the square front porch — their slender sprays blown from sun to shade like fluttering streamers of cream-coloured ribbons. On the other side there were lilacs, stately and leafy and bare of bloom, save for a few ashen-hued bunches lingering late amid the heavy foliage. At the foot of the garden the wall was hidden in raspberry vines, weighty with ripening fruit.

The judge closed the gate after him and ascended the steps. It was not until he had crossed the wide hall and opened the door of his study that he heard the patter of bare feet, and turned to find that the boy had followed him.

For an instant he regarded the child blankly; then his

hospitality asserted itself, and he waved him courteously into the room.

"Walk in, walk in, and take a seat. I am at your service."

He crossed to one of the tall windows, unfastening the heavy inside shutters, from which the white paint was fast peeling away. As they fell back a breeze filled the room, and the ivory faces of microphylla roses stared across the deep window-seat. The place was airy as a summer-house and odorous with the essence of roses distilled in the sunshine beyond. On the high plastered walls, above the book-shelves, rows of bygone Bassettts looked down on their departed possessions — stately and severe in the artificial severity of periwigs and starched ruffles. They looked down with immobile eyes and the placid monotony of past fashions, smiling always the same smile, staring always at the same spot of floor or furniture.

Below them the room was still hallowed by their touch. They asserted themselves in the quaint curves of the rosewood chairs, in the blue patterns upon the willow bowls, and in the choice lavender of the old Wedgewood. Their handiwork was visible in the laborious embroideries of the fire-screen near the empty grate, and the spinet in one unlighted corner still guarded their gay and amiable airs.

"Sit down," said the judge. "I am at your service."

He seated himself before his desk of hand-carved mahogany, pushing aside the papers that littered its baize-covered lid. In the half-gloom of the high-ceiled room, his face assumed the look of a portrait in oils, and he seemed to have descended from his allotted square upon

the plastered wall, to be but a boldly limned composite likeness of his race, awaiting the last touches and the gilded frame.

"What can I do for you?" he asked again, his tone preserving its unfailing courtesy. He had not made an uncivil remark since the close of the war — a line of conduct resulting less from what he felt to be due to others than from what he believed to be becoming in himself.

The boy shifted on his bare feet. In the old-timed setting of the furniture he was an alien — an anachronism — the intrusion of the hopelessly modern in the helplessly past. His hair made a rich spot in the colourless atmosphere, and it seemed to focus the incoming light from the unshuttered window, leaving the background in denser shadow. The animation of his features jarred the serenity of the room. His profile showed gnome-like against the nodding heads of the microphylla roses.

"There ain't nothin' in peanut-raisin'," he said suddenly; "I — I'd ruther be a judge."

"My dear boy!" exclaimed the judge, and finished helplessly, "my dear boy — I — well — I —"

They were both silent. The regular droning of the old clock sounded distinctly in the stillness. The perfume of roses, mingling with the musty scent from the furniture, borrowed the quality of musk.

The child was breathing heavily. Suddenly he dug the dirty knuckles of one fist into his eyes.

"Don't cry," began the judge. "Please don't. Perhaps you would like to run out and play with my boy Tom?"

"I warn't cryin'," said the child. "It war a gnat." His hand left his eyes and returned to his hat — a wide-brimmed harvest hat, with a shoestring tied tightly round the crown.

When the judge spoke again it was with seriousness.

"Nicholas — your name is Nicholas, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Twelve, sir."

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir."

"Write?"

"Y-e-s, sir."

"Spell?"

The child hesitated. "I — I can spell — some."

"Don't you know it is a serious thing to be a judge?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must be a lawyer first."

"Yes, sir."

"It is hard work."

"Yes, sir."

"And sometimes it's no better than farming for crows."

The boy shook his head. "It's cleaner work, sir."

The judge laughed.

"I'm afraid you are obstinate, Nicholas," he said, and added: "Now, what do you want me to do for you? I can't make you a judge. It took me fifty years to make myself one — a third-rate one at that ——"

"I — I'd l-i-k-e to take a bo-b-o-o-k," stammered the boy.

"Dear me!" said the judge irritably, "dear me!"

He frowned, his gaze skimming his well-filled shelves.

He regretted suddenly that he had spoken to the child at the court-house. He would never be guilty of such an indiscretion again. Of what could he have been thinking? A book! Why didn't he ask for food — money — his best piece of fluted Royal Worcester?

Then a loud, boyish laugh rang in from the garden, and his face softened suddenly. In the sun-scorched, honest-eyed little figure before him he saw his own boy — the single child of his young wife, who was lying beneath a marble slab in the church-yard. Her face, mild and Madonna-like, glimmered against the pallid rose leaves in the deep window-seat.

He turned hastily away.

"Yes, yes," he answered, "I will lend you one. Read the titles carefully. Don't let the books fall. Never lay them face downwards — and don't turn down the leaves!"

The boy advanced timidly to the shelves between the southern windows. He ran his hands slowly along the lettered backs, his lips moving as he spelled out the names.

"The F-e-d-e-r-a-l-i-s-t," "B-l-a-c-k-s-t-o-n-e's C-o-m-m-e-n-t-a-r-i-e-s," "R-e-v-i-s-e-d Sta-tu-tes of the U-ni-ted Sta-tes."

The judge drew up to his desk and looked over his letters. Then he took up his pen and wrote several replies in his fine, flowing handwriting. He had forgotten the boy, when he felt a touch upon his arm.

"What is it?" he asked absently. "Ah, it is you? Yes, let me see. Why! you've got Sir Henry Maine!"

The boy was holding the book in both hands. As the judge laughed he flushed nervously and turned towards the door.

The judge leaned back in his chair, watching the small figure cross the room and disappear into the hall. He saw the tracks of dust which the boy's feet left upon the smooth, bare floor, but he was not thinking of them. Then, as the child went out upon the porch, he started up.

"Nicholas!" he called, "don't turn down the leaves!"

It was afternoon, and Kingsborough was asleep.

Along the verdurous, gray lanes the houses seemed abandoned, shuttered, filled with shade. From the court-house green came the chime of cow-bells rising and falling in slow waves of sound. A spotted calf stood bleating in the crooked footpath, which traversed diagonally the waste of buttercups like a white seam in a cloth of gold. Against the arching sky rose the bell-tower of the grim old church, where the sparrows twittered in the melancholy gables and the startled face of the stationary clock stared blankly above the ivied walls. Farther away, at the end of a wavering lane, slanted the shadow of the insane asylum.

Across the green the houses were set in surrounding gardens like cards in bouquets of mixed blossoms. They were of frame for the most part, with shingled roofs and small, square windows hidden beneath climbing roses. On one of the long verandas a sleeping girl lay in a hammock, a gray cat at her feet. No sound came from the house behind her, but a breeze blew through the dim hall, fluttering the folds of her dress. Beyond the adjoining garden a lady in mourning entered a gate where honeysuckle grew, and above, on the low-dormered roof, a white pigeon sat preening its feathers. Up the main street, where a few sunken bricks of a vanished pave-

ment were still visible, an old negro woman, sitting on the stone before her cabin, lighted her replenished pipe with a taper, and leaned back, smoking, in the doorway, her scarlet handkerchief making a spot of colour on the dull background.

The sun was still high when the judge came out upon his porch, a smile of indecision on his face and his hat in his hand. Pausing upon the topmost step, he cast an uncertain glance sideways at the walk leading past the church, and then looked straight ahead through the avenue of maples, which began at the smaller green facing the ancient site of the governor's palace and skirted the length of the larger one, which took its name from the court-house. At last he descended the steps with his leisurely tread, turning at the gate to throw a remonstrance to an old negro whose black face was framed in the library window.

“Now, Cæsar, didn’t I ——”

“Lord, Marse George, dis yer washed-out blue bowl, wid de little white critters sprawlin’ over it, done come ter pieces ——”

“Now, Cæsar, haven’t I told you twenty times to let Delilah wash my Wedgewood?”

“Fo’ de Lord, Marse George, I ain’t breck hit. I uz des’ hol’n it in bofe my han’s same es I’se hol’n dis yer broom, w’en it come right ter part. I declar ’twarn my fault, Marse George, ’twarn nobody’s fault ’cep’n hit’s own.”

The judge closed the gate and waved the face from the window.

“Go about your business, Cæsar,” he said, “and keep your hands off my china ——”

He had gone but a short distance and was passing the iron gate of the churchyard, when the droning of a voice came to him, and looking beyond the bars, he saw little Nicholas Burr lying at full length upon a marble slab, his head in his hands and his feet waving in the air.

Entering the gate, the judge followed the walk of moss-grown stones leading to the church steps, and paused within hearing of the voice, which went on in an abstracted drawl.

“The most cel-e-bra-ted sys-tem of juris-pru-dence known to the world begins, as it ends, with a code —” He was not reading, for the book was closed. He seemed rather to be repeating over and over again words which had been committed to memory.

“With a code. From the commencement to the close of its history, the ex-posi-tors of Ro-man Law consistently em-ployed lan-guage which implied that the body of their sys-tem rested on the twelve De-cem-viral Tables — Dec-em-vi-ral — De-cem-vi-ral Tables.”

“Bless my soul!” said the judge. The boy glanced up, blushed, and would have risen, but the judge waved him back.

“No — no, don’t get up. I heard you as I was going by. What are you doing?”

“Learnin’.”

“Learning! Dear me! What do you mean by learning?”

“I’m learnin’ by heart, sir — and — and, if you don’t mind, sir, what does j-u-r-i-s-p-r-u-d-e-n-c-e mean?”

The judge started, returning the boy’s eager gaze with one of kindly perplexity.

"Bless my soul!" he said again. "You aren't trying to understand that, are you?"

The boy grew scarlet and his lips trembled.

"No, sir," he answered. "I'm jest learnin' it now. I'll know what it means when I'm bigger —"

"And you expect to remember it?" asked the judge.

"I don't never forget," said the boy.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the judge for the third time.

For a moment he stood looking silently down upon the marble slab with its defaced lettering. Of the wordy epitaph which had once redounded to the honour of the bones beneath there remained only the words "who departed," but he read these with a long abstracted gaze.

"Let me see," he said at last, speaking with his accustomed dignity. "Did you ever go to school, Nicholas?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"I went 'most three winters, sir, but I had to leave off on o'count o' pa's not havin' any hand 'cep'n me."

The judge smiled.

"Ah, well," he returned. "We'll see if you can't begin again. My boy has a tutor, you know, and his playmates come to study with him. He's about your age, and it will give you a start. Come in to-morrow at nine, and we'll talk it over. No, don't get up. I am going."

And he passed out of the churchyard, closing the heavy gate with a metallic clang. Nicholas lay on the marble slab, but the book slipped from his hands, and

he gazed straight before him at the oriel window, where the ivy was tremulous with the shining bodies and clamorous voices of nesting sparrows.

Again he was returning to Kingsborough. The familiar landscape rushed by him on either side — green meadow and russet woodland, gray swamp and dwarfed brown hill, unploughed common and sun-ripened field of corn. It was like the remembered features of a friend, when the change that startles the unaccustomed eye seems to exist less in the well-known face than in the image we have carried in our thoughts.

It was all there as it had been in his youth — the same and yet not the same. The old fields were tilled, the old lands ran waste in broomsedge, but he himself had left his boyhood far behind — it was his own vision that was altered, not the face of nature. The commons were not so wide as he had thought them, the hills not so high, the hollows not so deep — even the blue horizon had drawn a closer circle.

A man on his way to the water-cooler stopped abruptly at his side. "Well, I declar, if 'taint the governor!"

Nicholas looked up, and recognizing Jerry Pollard, shook his outstretched hand. "When did you leave Kingsborough?" he inquired.

"Oh, I jest ran up this morning to lay in a stock of winter goods. Trade's thriving this year, and you have to hustle if you want to keep up with the tastes of yo' customers. Times have changed since I had you in my sto'."

"I dare say. I am glad to hear that you are doing

well. Was the judge taken ill before you left Kingsborough?"

"The judge? Is he sick? I ain't heard nothin' 'bout it. It wa'n't more'n a week ago that I told him he was lookin' as young as he did befo' the war. It ain't often a man can keep his youth like that — but his Cæsar is just such another. Cæsar was an old man as far back as I remember, and, bless you, he's spryer than I am this minute. He'll live to be a hundred and die of an accident."

"That's good," said the governor with rising interest. "Kingsborough's a fine place to grow old in. Did you bring any news up with you?"

"Well, I reckon not. Things were pretty lively down there last night, but they'd quieted down this morning. They brought a man over from Hagersville, you know, and befo' I shut up sto' last evening Jim Brown came to town, talkin' mighty big 'bout stringin' up the fellow. Jim always did talk, though, so nobody thought much of it. He likes to get his mouth in, but he's right particular 'bout his hand. The sheriff said he warn't lookin' for trouble."

"I'm glad it's over," said the governor. The train was nearing Kingsborough, and as it stopped he rose and followed Jerry Pollard to the station.

There was no one he knew in sight, and, with his bag in his hand, he walked rapidly to the judge's house. His anxiety had caused him to quicken his pace, but when he had opened the gate and ascended the steps he hesitated before entering the hall, and his breath came shortly. Until that instant he had not realized the strength of the tie that bound him to the judge.

The hall was dim and cool, as it had been that May

afternoon when his feet had left tracks of dust on the shining floor. Straight ahead he saw the garden, lying graceless and deserted, with the unkemptness of extreme old age. A sharp breeze blew from door to door, and the dried grasses on the wall stirred with a sound like that of the wind among a bed of rushes.

He mounted the stairs slowly, the weight of his tread creaking the polished wood. Before the threshold of the judge's room again he hesitated, his hand upraised. The house was so still that it seemed to be untenanted, and he shivered suddenly, as if the wind that rustled the dried grasses were a ghostly footstep. Then, as he glanced back down the wide old stairway, his own childhood looked up at him — an alien figure, half frightened by the silence.

As he stood there the door opened noiselessly, and the doctor came out, peering with shortsighted eyes over his lowered glasses. When he ran against Nicholas he coughed uncertainly and drew back. "Well, well, if it isn't the governor!" he said. "We have been looking for Tom — but our friend the judge is better — much better. I tell him he'll live yet to see us buried."

A load passed suddenly from Nicholas's mind. The ravaged face of the old doctor — with its wrinkled forehead and its almost invisible eyes — became at once the mask of a good angel. He grasped the outstretched hand and crossed the threshold.

The judge was lying among the pillows of his bed, his eyes closed, his great head motionless. There was a bowl of yellow chrysanthemums on a table beside him, and near it Mrs. Burwell was measuring dark drops into a wineglass. She looked up with a smile of welcome that

cast a cheerful light about the room. Her smile and the color of the chrysanthemums were in Nicholas's eyes as he went to the bed and laid his hand upon the still fingers that clasped the counterpane.

The judge looked at him with a wavering recognition. "Ah, it is you, Tom," he said, and there was a yearning in his voice that fell like a gulf between him and the man who was not his son. At the moment it came to Nicholas with a great bitterness that his share of the judge's heart was the share of an outsider — the crumbs that fall to the beggar that waits beside the gate. When the soul has entered the depths and looks back again it is the face of its own kindred that it craves — the responsive throbbing of its own blood in another's veins. This was Tom's place, not his.

He leaned nearer, speaking in an expressionless voice. "It's I, sir — Nicholas — Nicholas Burr."

"Yes, Nicholas," repeated the judge doubtfully; "yes, I remember, what does he want? Amos Burr's son — we must give him a chance."

For a moment he wandered on; then his memory returned in uncertain pauses. He looked again at the younger man, his sight grown stronger. "Why, Nicholas, my dear boy, this is good of you," he exclaimed. "I had a fall — a slight fall of no consequence. I shall be all right if Cæsar will let me fast a while. Cæsar's getting old, I fear, he moves so slowly."

He was silent, and Nicholas, sitting beside the bed, kept his eyes on the delicate features that were the lingering survival of a lost type. The splendid breadth of the brow, the classic nose, the firm, thin lips, and the shaven chin — these were all downstairs on faded can-

vases, magnificent over lace ruffles, or severe above folded stocks. Over the pillows the chrysanthemums shed a golden light that mingled in his mind with the warm brightness of Mrs. Burwell's smile — giving the room the festive glimmer of an autumn garden.

A little later Cæsar shuffled forward, the wineglass in his hand. The judge turned towards him. "Is that you, Cæsar?" he asked.

The old negro hurried to the bedside. "Here I is, Marse George; I'se right yer."

The judge laughed softly. "I wouldn't take five thousand dollars for you, Cæsar," he said. "Tom Battle offered me one thousand for you, and I told him I wouldn't take five. You are worth it, Cæsar — every cent of it — but there's no man alive shall own you. You're free, Cæsar — do you hear, you're free!"

"Thanky, Marse George," said Cæsar. He passed his arm under the judge's head and raised him as he would a child. As the glass touched his lips the judge spoke in a clear voice. "To the ladies!" he cried.

"He is regaining the use of his limbs," whispered Mrs. Burwell softly. "He will be well again," and Nicholas left the room and went downstairs. At the door he gave his instructions to a woman servant. "I shall return to spend the night," he said. "You will see that my room is ready. Yes, I'll be back to supper." He had had no dinner, but at the moment this was forgotten. In the relief that had come to him he wanted solitude and the breadth of the open fields. He was going over the old ground again — to breathe the air and feel the dust of the Old Stage Road.

He passed the naked walls of the church and fol-

lowed the wide white street to the college gate. Then turning, he faced the way to his father's farm and the distant pines emblazoned on the west.

A clear gold light flooded the landscape, warming the pale dust of the deserted road. The air was keen with the autumn tang, and as he walked the quick blood leaped to his cheeks. He was no longer conscious of his forty years — his boyhood was with him, and middle age was a dream, or less than a dream. In his nostrils was the keen sweetness of old-fashioned flowers, but his thoughts were not of them, and, turning presently, he went back as he had come. It was dark when at last he reached the judge's house and sat down to supper.

He was with the judge until midnight, when, before going to his room, he descended the stairs and went out upon the porch. He had been thinking of the elections three days hence, and the outcome seemed to him more hopeful than it had done when he first came forward as a candidate. The uncertainty was almost as great, this he granted; but behind him he believed to be the pressure of the people's will — which the schemes of politicians had not turned. Tuesday would prove nothing — nor had the conventions that had been held; when the meeting of the caucus came, he would still be in ignorance — unaware of traps that had been laid or surprises to be sprung. It was the mark to which his ambition had aimed — the end to which his career had faced — that now rose before him, and yet in his heart there was neither elation nor distrust. He had done his best — he had fought fairly and well, and he awaited what the day might bring forth.

Above him a full moon was rising, and across the green the crooked path wound like a silver thread, leading to the glow of a night-lamp that burned in a sick-room. The night, the air, the shuttered houses were as silent as the churchyard, where the tombstones glimmered, row on row. Only somewhere on the vacant green a hound bayed at the moon.

He looked out an instant longer, and was turning back, when his eye caught a movement among the shadows in the distant lane. A quick thought came to him, and he kept his gaze beneath the heavy maples, where the moonshine fell in flecks. For a moment all was still, and then into the light came the figure of a man. Another followed, another, and another, passing again into the dark and then out into the brightness that led into the little gully far beyond. There was no sound except the baying of the dog; the figures went on, noiseless and orderly and grim, from dark to light and from light again to dark. There were at most a dozen men, and they might have been a band of belated workmen returning to their homes or a line of revellers that had been sobered into silence. They might have been — but a sudden recollection came to him, and he closed the door softly and went out. There was but one thing that it meant; this he knew. It meant a midnight attack on the gaol, and a man dead before morning, who must die anyway — it meant vengeance so quiet yet so determined that it was as sure as the hand of God — and it meant the defiance of laws whose guardian he was.

He broke into a run, crossing the green and following the path that rose and fell into the gullies as it

led on to the gaol. As he ran he saw the glow of the night-lamp in the sick-room, and he heard the insistent baying of the hound.

The moonlight was thick and full. It showed the quiet hill flanked by the open pasture; and it showed the little whitewashed gaol, and the late roses blooming on the fence. It showed also the mob that had gathered — a gathering as quiet as a congregation at prayer. But in the silence was the danger — the determination to act that choked back speech — the grimness of the justice that walks at night — the triumph of a lawless rage that knows control.

As he reached the hill he saw that the men he had followed had been enforced by others from different roads. It was not an outbreak of swift desperation, but a well-planned, well-ordered strategy; it was not a mob that he faced, but an incarnate vengeance.

He came upon it quickly, and as he did so he saw that the sheriff was ahead of him, standing, a single man, between his prisoner and the rope. "For God's sake, men, I haven't got the keys," he called out.

Nicholas swung himself over the fence and made his way to the entrance beneath the steps that led to the floor above. He had come as one of the men about him, and they had not heeded him. Now, as he faced them from the shadow he saw here and there a familiar face — the face of a boy he had played with in childhood. Several were masked, but the others raised bare features to the moonlight — features that were as familiar as his own. Then he stood up and spoke.

"Men, listen to me. In the name of the Law, I swear to you that justice shall be done — I swear."

A voice came from somewhere. "We ain't here to talk — you stand aside, and *we'll* show you what we're here for."

Again he began. "I swear to you ——"

"We don't want no swearing." On the outskirts of the crowd a man laughed. "We don't want no swearing," the voice repeated.

The throng pressed forward, and he saw the faces that he knew crowding closer. A black cloud shut out the moonlight. Above the pleading of the sheriff's tones he heard the distant baying of the hound.

He tried to speak again. "We'll be damned, but we'll get the nigger!" called some one beside him. The words struck him like a blow. He saw red, and the sudden rage upheld him. He knew that he was to fight — a blind fight for he cared not what. The old savage instinct blazed within him — the instinct to do battle to death — to throttle with his single hand the odds that opposed. With a grip of iron he braced himself against the doorway, covering the entrance.

"I'll be damned if you do!" he thundered.

A quick shot rang out sharply. The flash blinded him, and the smoke hung in his face. Then the moon shone and he heard a cry — the cry of a well-known voice.

"By God, it's Nick Burr!" it said. He took a step forward.

"Boys, I am Nick Burr," he cried, and he went down in the arms of the mob.

They raised him up, and he stood erect between the leaders. There was blood on his lips, but a man

tore off a mask and wiped it away. "By God, it's Nick Burr!" he exclaimed as he did so.

Nicholas recognized his voice and smiled. His face was gray, but his eyes were shining, and as he steadied himself with all his strength, he said with a laugh, "There's no harm done, man." But when they laid him down a moment later he was dead.

He lay in the narrow path between the doorstep and the gate where roses bloomed. Some one had started for the nearest house, but the crowd stood motionless about him. "By God, it's Nick Burr!" repeated the man who had held him.

The sheriff knelt on the ground and raised him in his arms. As he folded his coat about him he looked up and spoke.

"And he died for a brute," was what he said.

Study Helps and Questions

The selection given here is taken from the novel, *The Voice of the People*, by Ellen Glasgow. It is a splendid story of Virginia life at the period following the close of the Civil War. It portrays the differences that existed between "quality folks" and the people of humble birth, and the struggle that followed in the adjustment of life to new conditions. In the character of Nicholas Burr, we have a fine example of the real American who by hard struggle and earnest application to work, raises himself from a humble farmer to the highest position in his state. His death in defense of the law he had sworn to uphold makes him a great man, great in his devotion to duty and to the high ideals of a true American citizen.

1. The story begins with a description of the last day of court in Kingsborough. Compare the Judge and the humble farmers who had attended the court. Why had so many people assembled on "Court Day"? What is meant by Circuit Court?
2. Describe little Nicholas Burr. Tell the story of his meeting with the Judge and the events that followed. How did Nicho-

las get an education? What lessons can be learned from his success, handicapped as he was by poverty and humble position? To what position of honor did he attain?

3. Tell the story of his return to Kingsborough. He came because of the illness of the Judge who had befriended him. What fine traits of character does this show?
 4. Tell the story of his death. He died for a principle. What lesson can be learned from his heroic sacrifice?
-

CARRY ON!

ROBERT W. SERVICE

It's easy to fight when everything's right,
And you're mad with the thrill and the glory;
It's easy to cheer when victory's near,
And wallow in fields that are gory.
It's a different song when everything's wrong,
When you're feeling infernally mortal;
When it's ten against one, and hope there is none,
Buck up, little soldier, and chortle:

Carry on! Carry on!

There isn't much punch in your blow,
You're glaring and staring and hitting out blind;
You're muddy and bloody, but never you mind.

Carry on! Carry on!

You haven't the ghost of a show.

It's looking like death, but while you've a breath,

Carry on, my son! Carry on!

And so in the strife of the battle of life
It's easy to fight when you're winning;
It's easy to slave, and starve and be brave
When the dawn of success is beginning.

But the man who can meet despair and defeat
 With a cheer, there's a man of God's choosing;
 The man who can fight to Heaven's own height
 Is the man who can fight when he's losing.

Carry on! Carry on!

Things never were looming so black.
 But show that you haven't a cowardly streak,
 And though you're unlucky you never are weak.

Carry on! Carry on!

Brace up for another attack.
 It's looking like hell, but — you never can tell:
 Carry on, old man! Carry on!

There are some who drift out in the deserts of doubt,
 And some who in brutishness wallow;
 There are others, I know, who in piety go
 Because of a Heaven to follow.
 But to labor with zest, and to give of your best,
 For the sweetness and joy of the giving;
 To help folks along with a hand and a song;
 Why, there's the real sunshine of living.

Carry on! Carry on!

Fight the good fight and true;
 Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;
 There's big work to do, and that's why you are here.

Carry on! Carry on!

Let the world be the better for you;
 And at last when you die, let this be your cry:

Carry on, my soul! Carry on!

Study Helps

This poem is from *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* by Robert Service, who is sometimes called "the American Kipling." It is one of the most forceful and spirited poems of the recent war, and contains a message for the strife of everyday life, as well as for the struggle on the battlefield.

THE SHIP OF STATE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee!

RECESSIONAL

RUDYARD KIPLING

God of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!
 The tumult and the shouting dies —
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far called our navies melt away —
 On dune and headland sinks the fire —
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard —
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard —
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Amen!

Study Helps and Questions

This poem was written by Rudyard Kipling to celebrate Queen Victoria's Jubilee, a celebration marking the close of the sixtieth year of her reign. The poem came at the close of the Jubilee, which had been

a particularly brilliant celebration. In the midst of all their pomp and power, Kipling feared that his people had lost sight of the "God of Hosts," and the poem is virtually a prayer. Its appeal is universal, and it has become one of the best known poems in our language.

1. On what occasion was "The Recessional" written? What is a recessional? Why did Kipling choose this title for his poem?
 2. What expressions in the first stanza show the extent of the British empire?
 3. Why does the poet speak of "a humble and contrite heart" as an "ancient sacrifice"?
 4. Explain the Biblical reference made to Nineveh and Tyre in the third stanza.
 5. Why would only a "heathen heart" put its trust in its own power and not in God?
 6. What universal lesson is contained in this poem?
-

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things that we carry nearest our hearts — for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free people as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other! — *From President Wilson's Address to Congress.*

PATRIOTISM IN SONG

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

PATRIOTISM IN SONG

FOREWORD

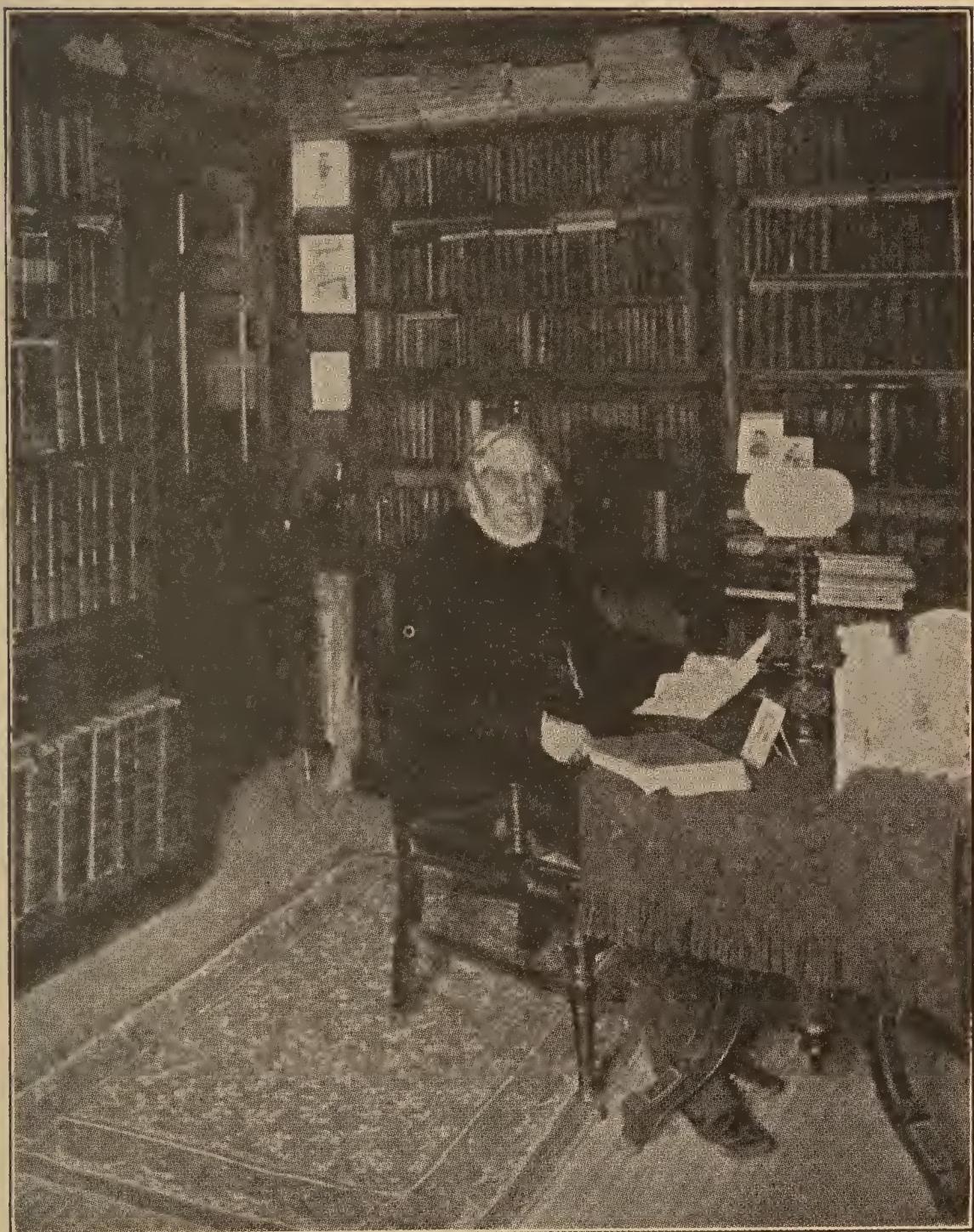
I hear America singing.

— WALT WHITMAN.

Song plays a wonderful part in the life of man, individually and collectively. The soldier sings as he goes into battle, and the "war songs" are as much a part of his victory as his feats of arms. He sings to keep up his courage in the face of certain defeat, and he sings when he is cold and hungry, and his song takes the place of fire and food. The soldier feels the *need* of song to express his joy or comfort, his sorrow, and to keep up his courage.

The finest emotions of any people are expressed in song, and when the song has for its theme the love of country, it is raised out of the realm of simple emotion, and becomes sacred in its sentiment.

The national song of any people is virtually a prayer, and it should always be sung with the reverence of a true devotion to the "Master of all music."



SAMUEL F. SMITH
Author of "America"

AMERICA

SAMUEL F. SMITH

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty:
 To Thee we sing;

Long may our land be bright,
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

Study Helps

"America" was written by the Reverend Samuel Francis Smith, while he was a student at Andover Seminary, Massachusetts. One February day in 1832, he was looking over a collection of song-books, selecting such music as pleased him, when he came to the song "God Save the King." The music inspired him to write words with the ring of pure American patriotism and adapt them to the old tune. The song was first publicly sung at a Sunday School celebration on July 4, in Boston. It has secured a permanent place in the hearts of American people.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
 Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh! long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever when free men shall stand,
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land,
Praise the pow'r that has made and preserved us a Nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Study Helps

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was written by Francis Scott Key of Maryland under very unusual circumstances. During the war of 1812, a British fleet was preparing to attack Fort McHenry, which defended Baltimore. Just prior to the bombardment, Key had obtained permission from the American authorities to go under a flag of truce to secure the release of a friend held a prisoner by the British. All during the attack on Fort McHenry, Key and his friend were detained as prisoners on board a small boat moored to the enemy's flagship. As the night fell, Key could see by the "rocket's red glare" that our flag still floated above the fort. The firing ceased just after midnight, and Key waited anxiously for the dawn, not knowing whether the attack had succeeded or failed. When the mists lifted, he beheld "that our flag was still there." Thrilled with patriotic emotion, he wrote the opening lines of our national hymn on the back of an old letter. On his return to Baltimore he completed the song, which was printed on hand-bills on which was also indicated the tune "Anacreon in Heaven," a popular English song, well adapted to the metre of Key's verses. The song became popular immediately. It has never ceased to thrill Americans, and has become our national hymn. An American flag always floats over the grave of Francis Scott Key in Frederick, Maryland.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

D. T. SHAW — THOMAS A. BECKET

O Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.

Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm;
With the garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The star-spangled banner bring hither
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true!
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

Study Helps

This song is sometimes called "The Red, White, and Blue" and sometimes "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean." There is much discussion about the origin of the song and its authorship has not been settled. It is probable that the tune is an English one. The American words are most likely the work of Thomas A. Becket, an Englishman who lived in Philadelphia, though the words are also attributed to David T. Shaw, an actor, who first used the song at a benefit performance. Still another claimant to the authorship of this popular American song is Timothy Dwight, a chaplain in a Connecticut regiment in the Revolutionary War.

DIXIE

DAN EMMET

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
In Dixie land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.

Chorus. — Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Old Missus marry "Will de Weaber,"
Willium was a gay deceaber,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
But when he put his arms around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land. — *Chorus.*

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie land.
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land. — *Chorus.*

Now here's a health to the next old Missus
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away, look away; look away, Dixie land.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song tomorrow,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land. — *Chorus.*

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land. — *Chorus.*

Study Helps

"Dixie" was written as a "walk around" by Dan Emmet for Bryant's minstrel show, and was first sung in a Broadway theater in New York several years before the Civil War. Dan Emmet was born in Ohio, and the most popular song of the South was therefore of Northern origin. Despite this fact, it was the principal war song of the Confederate forces. It is now almost as popular in the North as in the South.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

JAMES RYDER RANDALL

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all the slumb'wers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll
Maryland, my Maryland.
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland.

I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Tho' thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland, my Maryland.
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland.

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, my Maryland.
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland, my Maryland.

Study Helps

This song was called by Alexander H. Stephens "the Marseillaise of the Confederacy." It was written by James Ryder Randall, a native of Maryland, who at the time of its writing was living in New Orleans. It was sung to the tune of an old German student song entitled "O Tannenbaum." A less spirited version of this song was sung in the North, so that it became popular both in the North and the South, and though belonging to the period of the Civil War it is still sung by all Americans.

FIRMLY STAND, MY NATIVE LAND

Firmly stand, firmly stand, my native land,
Firmly stand, firmly stand, my native land,
Free in heart and true in hand,
All that's lovely cherish;
Thus shall God remain thy friend,
Then shall heav'n thy walls defend,
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom shall not perish;

Firmly stand, firmly stand, firmly stand,
Firmly stand, my native land, my native land.

Safely dwell, safely dwell, my native land,
Safely dwell, safely dwell, my native land,
May thy sons united stand,

Firm and true forever;
God forbid the day should rise,
When 'tis said our freedom dies.

Freedom, Freedom, Freedom die? Oh, never;
Safely dwell, safely dwell, safely dwell,
Safely dwell, safely dwell, my native land.

Sing for joy, sing for joy, my native land,
Sing for joy, sing for joy, my native land,
In thee dwells a noble bank,

All thy weal to cherish;
While thy steps in truth are found
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom shall not perish;
Sing for joy, sing for joy, sing for joy,
Sing for joy, my native land, my native land!

HAIL! COLUMBIA

J. HOPKINSON

Hail! Columbia, happy land!
Hail! ye heroes, heav'n born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus. — Firm, united let us be,
Rallying 'round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well earned prize;
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail! — *Chorus.*

Sound, sound the trumpet of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring thro the world with loud applause!
Ring thro the world with loud applause!
Let ev'ry clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace. — *Chorus.*

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat!
The rock on which the storm will beat!
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty. — *Chorus.*

Study Helps

In the early days of our Republic, a new patriotic song was hailed with delight. It was due to this fact, perhaps, that "Hail Columbia" owed its popularity in the beginning.

The song was written in 1789 by Joseph Hopkinson, a brilliant lawyer of Philadelphia, to accommodate an actor friend named Gilbert Fox. Fox was going to give a benefit play at a theatre in Philadelphia, and he felt that a new patriotic song would insure the success of his performance. The words were adapted to the music of "The President's March," which had been composed a few years before in honor of Washington's inauguration.

The song was a great success from the first time it was sung. It had a decided political effect in producing a more purely national spirit at a time when both England and France were trying to entangle us in a foreign alliance. It is now one of our most popular patriotic songs.

KELLER'S AMERICAN HYMN

M. KELLER

Speed our Republic, O Father on high,
Lead us in pathways of justice and right;

Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all,
Girdle with virtue the armor of might!

Hail! three times hail to our country and flag.

Rulers as well as the ruled, one and all.

Foremost in battle, for Freedom's stand,
We rush to arms when aroused by its call;

Still as of yore when George Washington led,
Girdle with virtue the armor of might!

Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!

Still as of yore when George Washington led.

Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds,
Spread thy broad wing o'er this fair western world!

Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old!
Show that it still is for freedom unfurled!
Hail, three times hail to our country and flag!
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old.

Study Helps

This song was written during the Civil War by a poor old composer named Matthias Keller, who lived in Boston. Like most composers of his day, he tried to write a "War Song," but his work attracted only temporary notice. A few years after the war it was revived by the chorus of the "Gilmore Peace Jubilee," a band of singers organized by an enterprising Irishman to sing patriotic songs in honor of the reunion of the States. Thus, what was meant for a war song became in reality a song of peace.

WE'RE TENTING TONIGHT

WALTER KETTREDGE

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Give us a song of cheer,
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus. — Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.

Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of the days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said good-bye. — *Chorus.*

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,
 Many are dead and gone,
 Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
 Others been wounded long. — *Chorus.*

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground,
 Many are lying near;
 Some are dead and some are dying,
 Many are in tears.

Chorus. — Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
 Wishing for the war to cease;
 Many are the hearts looking for the right,
 To see the dawn of peace.
 Dying tonight, dying tonight,
 Dying on the old camp ground.

Study Helps

Both the words and music of this popular war song were written by Walter Kettredge of New Hampshire. In 1862 he was drafted, and while preparing to go to the front he composed the song. At first it was refused publication, but later it gained an immense popularity which continues to the present day.

MARSEILLAISE

National Hymn of France

ROUGET DE LISLE

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
 Hark! Hark! What myriads bid you rise!
 Your children, wives and grand-sires hoary, —
 Behold their tears and hear their cries,
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved on victory or death!

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing;
To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved on victory or death!

Study Helps

Both the words and music of "The Marseillaise" were composed in April, 1792, by Rouget de Lisle, a young French army officer then in Strassburg. The stirring song was taken up by a battalion from Marseilles, which marched on Paris during the days of the French Revolution. They sang it during the attack on the Tuilleries, the palace of Louis XVI. After France became a republic, "The Marseillaise" was adopted as the national song of the country.

GOD SAVE THE KING

British National Hymn

God save our Lord the King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes are fix'd,
O save us all.

Study Helps

The origin of Great Britain's national song is a matter of doubt and endless discussion. Some claim that it was written in the reign of James I by Ben Johnson, then poet laureate of England. The music is attributed to Dr. Bull, a famous composer of that reign. Others claim that both words and music were the work of Henry Carey, a popular writer of lyric verse in the reign of James II.

ITALIAN NATIONAL HYMN

All forward, all forward!
All forward to battle, the trumpets are crying,
All forward, all forward, our old flag is flying,
When Liberty calls us we linger no longer;
Rebels, come on, tho' a thousand to one.
Liberty, liberty, deathless and glorious,
Under thy banner thy sons are victorious,
Stout hearts and strong hands around it shall rally,
God shall go with us, the battle be won.
Hurrah for the banner, hurrah for the banner,
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free.

All forward, all forward!
All forward for Freedom, in terrible splendor,
She comes to the loyal who die to defend her;
Her stars and her stripes, o'er the wild wave of battle,
Shall float in the heavens to welcome us on.
All forward to glory, though his blood is pouring,
Where bright swords are flashing, and cannons are roar-
ing,

Welcome to death in the bullet's quick rattle
Fighting or falling shall freedom be won.

Hurrah for the banner, hurrah for the banner,
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free.

All forward, all forward!
All forward to conquer, where free hearts are beating,
Death to the coward who dreams of retreating,
Liberty calls us from mountain and valley;
Waving her banner, she leads to the fight.
Forward, all forward, the trumpets are crying;
The drum beats to arms, our old flag, it is flying;
Stout hearts and strong hands around it shall rally,
Forward to battle, for God and the Right.
Hurrah for the banner, hurrah for the banner,
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free.

Many days yet to come may be dark as the days that are past,
Many voices may hush while the great years sweep patiently by;
But the voice of our race shall live sounding down to the last,
And our blood is the bard of the song that never shall die.

— *Father Ryan.*

OUR MEMORIAL DAYS

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking. — *Scott.*

OUR MEMORIAL DAYS

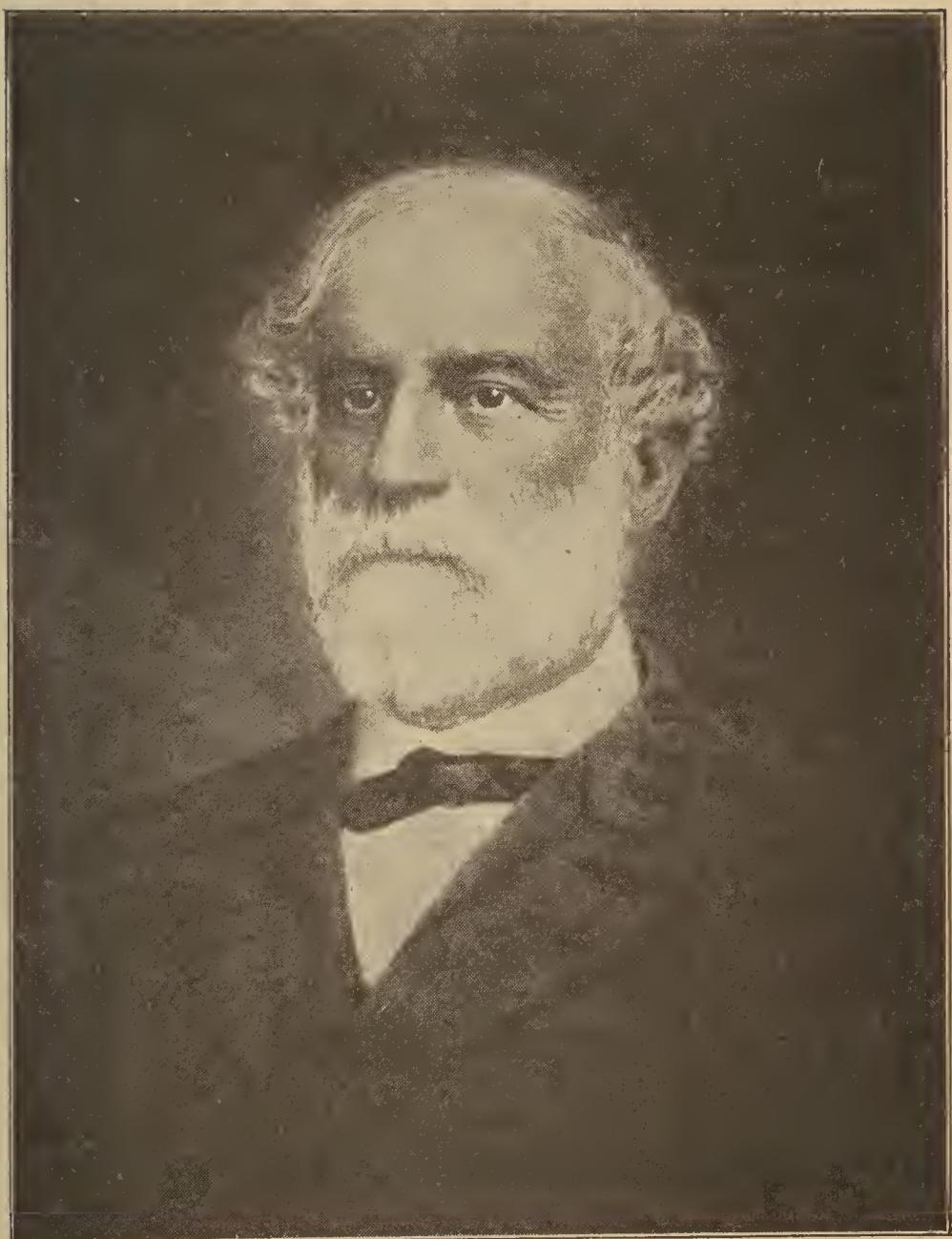
FOREWORD

“After life’s fitful fever they sleep well.”

So speaks the immortal Shakespeare in his inimitable way, and truly his words might best be applied to the soldier who dies for his native land. If any deserve a restful slumber, the man who sacrifices all he holds dear in life, and even life itself, that others might live in peace and happiness, deserves “to sleep the sleep that knows not breaking.”

It is natural for every one to speak of death in a minor key, and, in the pain of immediate loss, to forget that death is only the beginning of another life, that it must come to all soon or late, and that to the good among mankind it is only a separation for a little while.

At the present time as in the past, there are many “war memorials” being erected in various countries, perpetuating in monuments and tablets of brass and stone the heroes who gave their lives that Freedom might live. But the greatest memorial that a hero can leave his people is the fact that he has been a hero. He leaves to the children of his race who shall in turn take up his work the priceless heritage of noble sacrifice.



ROBERT E. LEE

OUR HONORED DEAD

HENRY WARD BEECHER

The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death; their names are gathered and garnered, their memory is precious; each place grows proud for those who were born there. There is in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes; tablets preserve their names; pious love shall renew the inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead, that generous host, that army of invisible heroes! Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with noble motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears; he was your son, but now he is the nation's; he made your household bright, now his example inspires a thousand households; dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land; before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you,

now he is augmented, set free, and given to all; before he was yours, now he is ours; he has died to the family that he might live to the nation.

Study Helps and Questions

1. Who are meant by "the honored dead"?
 2. How are those who die for "a good cause" remembered? In what ways are the names of "martyred heroes" preserved?
 3. How does the death of such heroes influence the living?
 4. Explain how the death of a hero, though a loss to his own family, is a gain to a nation.
 5. State some ways in which our country has perpetuated the memory of her dead heroes.
-

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard 'round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Study Helps and Questions

The first fighting of the Revolutionary War occurred between British regulars and American farmers on April 19, 1775, at Lexington and Concord in Massachusetts. A detachment of British soldiers had been sent out from Boston to destroy American stores collected at Concord. The minute men, aroused by Paul Revere on his famous ride, made a stand against the British at Concord bridge. The British attack was a failure, and they finally retired to Boston with only a remnant of their army left.

In 1836, sixty-one years after the battle of Concord, our country erected the famous "Battle Monument" at one end of Concord bridge. Emerson was chosen to write the dedication hymn. In 1875, the statue of "The Minute Man" was placed on the opposite bank, with the inscription "Faithful Unto Death" and the first stanza of "Concord Hymn."

1. Tell the story of the battle of Concord and the circumstances that led up to it.
 2. Explain what is meant by the expression, "the shot heard round the world."
 3. What is meant by "a votive stone"?
 4. When, where and why was the "Battle Monument" erected?
 5. How has the memory of "The Minute Man" been honored?
 6. What is inscribed on the statue of "The Minute Man"?
 7. Why was it fitting that Emerson should be chosen to write the hymn at the dedication of the "Battle Monument"?
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THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

"Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they
near?"

Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we
hear."

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their
souls!"

"Who is losing? who is winning?" — "Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain
rain."

"Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once
more:"

"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and
horse,

Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its moun-
tain course."

"Look forth once more, Ximena!" "Ah! the smoke has rolled
away;

And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of
gray.

Hark! That sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon
wheels;

There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their
heels.

Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging
lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot to-
gether fall;

Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them plow the Northern
ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful
on;

"Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who
has won?"

"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them
all!

Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother, save my
brain!

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of
slain.

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and
strive to rise;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our
eyes!

Oh my heart's love! oh my dear one! lay thy poor head on
my knee;

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me?
canst thou see?

Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! oh, my Bernal, look once
more

On the blessed cross before thee! mercy! mercy! all is o'er!"

"Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to
rest;

Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his
breast;

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
Today, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid."

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier
lay,

Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life
away;

But as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling
breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly
smiled:

Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her
child?

All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart sup-
plied;

With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he,
and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in the
North!"

Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her
dead,

And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which
bled.

"Look forth once more, Ximena!" "Like a cloud before the
wind

Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death
behind.

Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded
strive;

Hide your faces, holy angels! oh, thou Christ of God, for-
give!"

Sink, oh Night, among thy Mountains! let the cool, gray
shadows fall;

Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle
rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and
lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they
hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern
tongue.

Not wholly lost, oh Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden
flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their
prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

Study Helps

This poem tells a story of mercy after the battle of Buena Vista in which the army of the United States defeated that of Mexico. It is said that the noble Mexican women went over the battlefield ministering to the needs of friend and foe alike. Their work might be compared to that of the Red Cross in the recent World War.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THEODORE O'HARA

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps this great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.

Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long has the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved band
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.

Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

Study Helps and Questions

The poem was written to commemorate the removal to Kentucky of the ashes of her sons who had fallen in the battle of Buena Vista in the Mexican War.

Theodore O'Hara, the author of the poem, was a native of Kentucky, and had fought in the Mexican War, so it was fitting that he should write the eulogy of his dead comrades.

Stanzas of this famous poem have been placed by order of the government in Arlington Cemetery and in other national cemeteries throughout the country. It has also been engraven on a monument erected on a battlefield in the distant Crimea.

1. What is meant by the "bivouac" of an army? Explain the title of this poem.
2. What do you understand by the reference to "the muffled drum" in the first stanza? What is meant by "Fame's eternal camping ground"? Who acts as guard for the dead heroes? What was their martial shroud?
3. Of what experiences do the second and the fourth stanzas speak?
4. How did the enemy sweep down upon them? Why was the watchword "Victory or Death"?
5. General Zachary Taylor was the "stout old chieftain" to whom reference is made. On whom did he call to save the nation's flag? What was the outcome of the struggle?
6. The Indians called Kentucky "the Dark and Bloody Ground." Why were the ashes of the Kentucky soldiers removed to their native state?
7. Why are stanzas from this poem used in national cemeteries?

A LAND WITHOUT RUINS

ABRAM J. RYAN

"A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without history. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see; but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land barren, beautiless and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and of history. Crowns of roses fade—crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity—the triumphs of might are transient, they pass and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicle of nations."

Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread lightly on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just.
Yes, give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past;
Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays
That tell of the memories of long vanished days;
Yes, give me a land that hath story and song!
Enshrine the strife of the right with the wrong!
Yes, give me a land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot;
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and tomb;
There is grandeur in graves—there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war-path of might,
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right.

THE CONQUERED BANNER

ABRAM J. RYAN

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff, 'tis drooping dreary;
 Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, hide it, let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
 Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
 Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
 Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
 O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low;

And that Banner — it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages, —
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly;
Treat it gently — it is holy —
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not — unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are fled!

Study Helps

"The Conquered Banner" was written by Father Ryan, a chaplain in the Confederate Army. He loved the South with an intense love, and is often called "the poet-laureate of the Confederacy." This is perhaps his best known poem.

SWORD OF ROBERT E. LEE

ABRAM J. RYAN

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
 Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of deadly fight,
 High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
 Led us to Victory.

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
 It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
 Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
 Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air,
 Beneath Virginia's sky —
And they who saw it gleaming there,
 And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
 To follow — and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
 Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
 Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
 Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
 That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
 And many a heart grew sore afraid,

We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain,
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

Study Helps

Robert Edward Lee, the commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces, is reckoned among the world's greatest military leaders. Greater even than his ability as a soldier was the influence of his stainless character. This poem, written by "the poet-laureate of the Confederacy," shows the love and honor in which Lee was held by the South, and also the faith in his leadership.

LITTLE GIFFEN

FRANK O. TICKNOR

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene, —
Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen! —
Specter, such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
"Little the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him; and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed —
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with bated breath, —
 Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
 Months of torture, how many such?
 Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
 And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
 Told of a spirit that *wouldn't* die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
 The crippled skeleton learned to write.
 "Dear Mother," at first, of course; and then
 "Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
 Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
 Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
 Johnson pressed at the front, they say.
 Little Giffen was up and away;
 A tear — his first — as he bade good-by,
 Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
 "I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight,
 But none of Giffen. — He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
 Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
 With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
 And the tender legend that trembles here,
 I'd give the best on his bended knee,
 The whitest soul of my chivalry,
 For little Giffen of Tennessee.

Study Helps and Questions

1. Why did the surgeons think that there was little hope for this wounded soldier? Explain the Biblical allusion to Lazarus.
2. What helped Little Giffen win his fight against death?
3. Johnson was a Confederate general. What did Little Giffen do when he heard that Johnson was "pressed at the front"?

4. What happened to Little Giffen?
 5. What reference is made to the Knights of the Round Table?
 6. What claims did Little Giffen have to knighthood?
 7. Tell the story of Little Giffen in your own words.
-

GETTYSBURG SPEECH

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, — that we here highly resolve that

these dead shall not have died in vain, — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Study Helps

The battle of Gettysburg, which was fought in July, 1863, was the turning point of the Civil War. In November of the same year, the Gettysburg national cemetery was dedicated. Edward Everett was the orator of the day. For two hours this brilliant speaker thrilled the audience, but his speech is little known now, while the few words uttered by Lincoln seemed to have been spoken for all time. Lincoln himself thought that his speech was a failure, yet it is doubtful if any other speaker has ever been able to express as much in so few words.

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS

JAMES A. GARFIELD

I am oppressed with a sense of the impropriety of uttering words on this occasion. If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of fifteen thousand men, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem, the music of which can never be sung. With words we make promises, plight faith, praise virtue. Promises may not be kept; plighted faith may be broken; and vaunted virtue be only the cunning mask of vice. We do not know one promise these men made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke; but we do know they summed up and perfected, by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death, and thus resolved all doubts, and made immortal their pa-

triotism and their virtue. For the noblest man that lives, there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune, must still be assailed with temptations, before which lofty natures have fallen; but with these the conflict ended, the victory was won, when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic character, and closed a record which years can never blot.

Study Helps

This is an extract from an address delivered at Arlington, May 30, 1868. Arlington formerly belonged to the Custis family, and at the close of the Civil War it was in possession of Mrs. R. E. Lee, a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington. The government acquired the property, and it is now used as a national cemetery. It is situated on the Potomac River opposite Washington.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS M. FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
Those, in the gloom of defeat,
All, with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with rain, the Blue;
Wet with rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

Study Helps and Questions

On Memorial Day, 1867, the women of Columbus, Mississippi, strewed flowers on the graves of both Federal and Confederate soldiers, on "friend and foe" alike. This fact is said to have inspired Judge Finch of New York to write "The Blue and the Gray."

1. What soldiers wore "the Blue"? Who wore "the Gray"?
2. Who wore "the robings of glory"? Who went down in "the gloom of defeat"?
3. What is signified by the laurel? What is meant by the willow?
4. Who were "the desolate mourners"? How did they treat "friend and foe" alike?
5. The sun shines and the rain falls alike on the graves of the Blue and the Gray. What thought does this suggest to you?
6. To what generous deed does the poet refer when he says "no braver battle was won"? Why does he make this statement?
7. What was the effect of this generous act?

MEMORIAL DAY, 1917

WOODROW WILSON

Any Memorial Day of this sort is, of course, a day touched with sorrowful memory, and yet I for one do not see how we can have any thought of pity for the men whose memory we honor today. I do not pity them. I envy them, rather, because theirs is a great work for liberty accomplished, and we are in the midst of a work unfinished, testing our strength where their strength already has been tested. There is a touch of sorrow, but there is a touch of reassurance also in a day like this, because we know how the men of America have responded to the call of the cause of liberty, and it fills our minds with a perfect assurance that that response will come again in equal measure, with equal majesty, and with a result which will hold the attention of all mankind.

When you reflect upon it, these men who died to preserve the Union died to preserve the instrument which we are now using to serve the world — a free nation espousing the cause of human liberty. In one sense the great struggle, because it is in defense of American honor and American rights; but it is something even greater than that: it is a world struggle. It is a struggle of men who love liberty everywhere, and in this cause America will show herself greater than ever because she will rise to a greater thing. We have said in the beginning that we planned this great Government that men who wish freedom might have a place of refuge and a place where their hope could be realized, and now, having established such a government, having

preserved such a government, having vindicated the power of such a government, we are saying to all mankind, "We did not set this Government up in order that we might have a selfish and separate liberty, for we are now ready to come to your assistance and fight out upon the fields of the world the cause of human liberty." In this thing America attains her full dignity and the full fruition of her great purpose.

Study Helps

This address was made at Arlington, Va., May 30, 1917, by President Woodrow Wilson. Among those assembled to hear him were veterans of the Federal and Confederate armies and many soldiers in khaki who were soon to cross the sea and fight for the liberties of the world abroad. The time, place, and circumstances made this address particularly impressive.

THE SOLDIER OF 1914

RENÉ DOUMIC

Alas! the beauty of the struggle does not hide from me its sadness. How many went away, full of youth and hope, to return no more. How many have fallen already without seeing realized what they so ardently desired; sowers they, who to make the land fertile have watered it with their blood, yet will not see the harvest.

But at least their sacrifice will not have been in vain. They have brought unity to their divided country, they have made her become conscious of herself again; they have made her learn enthusiasm once again. They have not seen victory, but they have merited it. Honor to them, struck down first, and glory to those who will avenge them! We enfold them both in our devotion to the same sacred cause.

Would that a new era might dawn, thanks to them, that a new world might be born in which we might breathe more freely, where injustices centuries old might be made good, where France, arising from long humiliation, might resume her rank and destiny! Then, in that France, healed and revived, what an awakening, what a renewal, what a sap, what a magnificent flowering there would be! This will be thy work, soldier of 1914! To you we shall owe this resurrection of our beloved country. And later on, and always, in everything beautiful and good that may be done among us, in the thousand forms of national activity, in the strength of our young men and the grace of our young women, in all that will be the France of tomorrow, there will be, soldier so brave and so simple in your greatness, a little of your heroic soul!

COLUMBIA'S REPLY TO FRANCE

REAB

[Private Enright, Private Gresham, and Private Hay were the first American soldiers to fall in France in the great World War. Their graves were marked: "Here lie the first soldiers of The Republic of the United States to fall on the soil of France for liberty and justice."]

There let them sleep! My first, my fallen sons!

Inter them not where serf and vassal lie;
But where their valor met the thundering guns,
Far from the sceptered land of savage Huns —

There be their dirges sung.

Oh! France, free France, child of a Bastille's throes;
'Twas honor on thy battlefield to die!

Commit their ashes to that hallowed close;
But blend not with thy requiem of repose
One note of servile tongue!

Each drop of blood that crystaled on thy sod;
Each dying groan that rent the putrid air;
Each "good-bye" whispered to the trampled clod;
Shall burst florescent at the feet of God —
Freedom's victorious sacrifice.

It shall not be in vain their blood was shed;
The flag of Liberty they planted there
Shall not be furled till every despot-head
Shall bend in homage! And to feudal stead
The slave and vassal rise!

Farewell, ye heroes — Enright, Gresham, Hay;
On far Elysian fields you've pitched your tents;
No more the bugle blast, no more the fray,
The weary march, the battle's fierce array —
No more the foe's advance.

In that fair realm, beyond the stench of wars,
Where is no dirge, no clash of armaments,
Be yours the peace that conflict never mars.
I, on my heart, engrave your hallowed scars,
And yield your dust to France!

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

JOHN McCRAE

In Flanders fields, the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our places. In the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from failing hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

An Answer

C. B. GALBRAITH

In Flanders fields, the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom,
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well.
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.
Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe or sleep with you
In Flanders fields.

PROPHETIC VISIONS

And one hath had the vision face **to** face. — *Tennyson.*

PROPHETIC VISIONS

FOREWORD

The progressive man of any age is "the man of vision." Such a man spends his life in a zealous unselfish devotion to a high ideal, laboring with all the force of his being to bring about a happier condition to his race, a greater prosperity to his land than that which he enjoys. He thinks not of himself, not even of the present, except as it can be made to serve the interests of the future. In any age or among any people the "man of vision" is always a prophet, not often respected and but rarely understood. He sees beyond the years and must look to the future for his vindication.

In the Indian epic we find the noble Hiawatha speaking with words of unselfish faith in a better era, when he foretells that the Indian's hunting grounds shall give place to cultivated fields and busy populous cities, and that his own people shall be supplanted by a better, stronger race.

The Pilgrim and other pioneers endured the hardships of the early settlers because they had a "vision" of a great land and a great people.

In the "Vision of Sir Launfal," Mr. Lowell, speaking with a heart full of pity for the unfortunate condition of slavery then existing, pictures in a beautiful story man's happiness in the service of his fellowman.

In our own day, the "man of vision" sees a future when nations shall "beat their swords into ploughshares," and the peace of Christ shall reign.



SIR GALAHAD
After the painting by G. F. Watts

HIAWATHA'S VISION

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The White Man's Foot

From his wanderings far to eastward,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
The great traveller, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this wise:
“Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!
No one else beholds such wonders!”

He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it!
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, “It cannot be so!
Kaw!” they said, “it cannot be so!”

O'er it, said he, o'er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!

And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other;
“Kaw!” they said, “we don’t believe it!”

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekie!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;
“Kaw!” they said, “what tales you tell us!”

In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
Painted white were all their faces,
And with hair their chins were covered!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
“Kaw!” they said, “what lies you tell us!
Do not think that we believe them!”

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:
“True is all Iagoo tells us;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

“Gitche Manitou the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.

Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Manitou, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like:
I beheld our nation scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

• • • • • • • •

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.
All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,

As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver?
Or the pelican, the Shada?
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing
From its glossy neck and feathers?

It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,

Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
“Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you;
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart’s right hand we give you.

“Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

“Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!”

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
“Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!”

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,

Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;
“It is well,” they said, “O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!”

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
“It is well,” they said, “O brother,
That you come so far to see us!”

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,

And the chiefs made answer, saying:
“We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you came so far to see us!”

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.

Study Helps and Questions

The scene of this poem is around the southern end of Lake Superior. The coming of the Pale-face strangers is based on the voyages of the French missionaries and traders. It is said that Father Marquette, when he entered the country of the Illinois, was received in much the same way as Hiawatha is represented as receiving the "Black-Robe Chief" and the strangers who came from the "realms of morning."

1. Who was Iagoo?
2. What strange tales did he tell of his wanderings far to the eastward?
3. What do you suppose he meant by the water he had seen, "broader than the Gitche Gumee, bitter so that none could drink it"?
4. What did he mean by "the great canoe with pinions"?
5. How did he describe the white people he had seen?
6. How did the people of his tribe receive the tales he told them?
Why did they treat him with scorn?
7. How did Hiawatha receive the story?
8. What had Hiawatha seen in his vision?
9. Tell what he foresaw would happen to the land when the white man settled it.
10. What did he foresee would happen to the Indian tribes who weakened themselves by warring against each other?
11. Tell how the "Black-Robe Chief" came, and how Hiawatha received him.
12. How did the chief men of the village receive the strangers?
13. What message did the "Black-Robe Chief" bring to the Indian people?
14. How did the Indians receive this message?
15. Tell in your own words what this story means.

THE PILGRIM'S VISION

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

In the hour of twilight shadows the Puritan looked out;
He thought of the "bloody savages" that lurked all round
about,
Of Wituwamet's pictured knife and Pecksnot's whooping
shout —
For the baby's limbs were feeble, though the father's arms
were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin, too bare for the hungry rat,
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass, and bald enough of
that,

The hole that served for casement was glazed with an an-
cient hat,

And the ice was gently thawing from the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape his eye went to and fro,
The trees all clad in icicles, the streams that did not flow;
A sudden thought flashed o'er him — a dream of long ago —
He smote his leathern jerkin and murmured, "Even so!"

"Come hither, God-be-glorified, and sit upon my knee;
Behold the dream unfolding whereof I spake to thee
By the winter's hearth in Leyden and on the stormy sea;
True is the dream's beginning — so may its ending be!"

"I saw in the naked forest our scattered remnant cast,
A screen of shivering branches between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them, the dying fell as fast,
I looked to see them perish, when lo! the vision passed.

"Again mine eyes were opened: The feeble had waxed strong;
The babies had grown to sturdy men, the remnant was a
throng;

By shadowed lake and winding stream and all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear the Christian's godly song.

"They slept — the village fathers — by river, lake and shore,
When, far adown the steep of time, the vision rose once more.
I saw along the winter snow a spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks a tattered flag they bore.

"Their leader rode before them, of bearing calm and high,
The light of heaven's own kindling throned in his awful eye.
These were a nation's champions her dread appeal to try:
'God for the right!' I faltered, and lo! the train passed by.

"Once more the strife is ended, the solemn issue tried,
The Lord of hosts, His mighty arm has helped our Israel's side.

Gray stone and grassy hillock tell where our martyrs died,
But peaceful smiles the harvest and stainless flows the tide.

"A crash as when some swollen cloud cracks o'er the tangled trees,
With side to side, and spar to spar, whose smoking decks are these?
I know St. George's blood-red cross, thou mistress of the seas,
But what is she whose streaming bars roll out before the breeze?

"Ah! well her iron ribs are knit, whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips, that pealed the Armada's knell!

The mist was cleared, a wreath of stars rose o'er the crimsoned swell,

And wavering from its haughty peak the cross of England fell.

"O trembling faith, though dark the morn, a heavenly torch is thine;

While feebler races melt away, and paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray along the pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought this western Palestine.

"I see the living tide roll on, it crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador, the Spaniard's land of flowers,
It streams beyond the splintered ridge that parts the northern
showers,

From eastern rock to sunset wave the continent is ours."

He ceased — the grim old Puritan — then softly bent to cheer
The pilgrim child, whose wasting face was meekly turned to
hear;

And drew his toil-worn sleeve across to brush the manly
tear

From cheeks that never changed in woe, and never blanched
in fear.

The weary Pilgrim slumbers, his resting-place unknown;
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed, the dust was o'er
him strown;

The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf, along the sod were
blown;

His mould has melted into earth, his memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading, the memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone springs where their tears were shed,
Or, raining in the summer's wind in flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves the turf where once
they bled.

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks that guard this holy strand,
Have sunk beneath the trampling surge in beds of sparkling
sand,

While in the waste of ocean one hoary rock shall stand,
Be this its latest legend — Here was the Pilgrim's land!

Study Helps and Questions

1. Who were the Pilgrims? Why were they so called? In what part of our country did they settle?
 2. Describe the Pilgrim's cabin. Why was the landscape about it so dreary?
 3. In his struggle against the hardships of his life in the new land, the Pilgrim is cheered by "a vision" of the land as it is to be. He calls his little child to his knee and tells him of his vision. What are some of the things the Pilgrim foresaw?
 4. Explain the reference made to the English flag and to the "new flag" that floats over the seas.
 5. Was the Pilgrim's vision fulfilled?
 6. What share did the Pilgrim fathers have in the upbuilding of our country?
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THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Prelude to Part First

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a rippy cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back
For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
 And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
 Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving;
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue, —
 'Tis the natural way of living.
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake,
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
 The soul partakes the season's youth,
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
 What wonder if Sir Launfal now
 Remembered the keeping of his vow?

Part First

I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
 And bring to me my richest mail,
 For to-morrow I go over land and sea
 In search of the Holy Grail;
 Shall never a bed for me be spread,
 Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
 Till I begin my vow to keep;
 Here on the rushes will I sleep,
 And perchance there may come a vision true
 Ere day create the world anew."

Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray:
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall

In his siege of three hundred summers long,
 And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
 Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
 And lightsome as a locust leaf,
 Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail,
 To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
 And morning in the young knight's heart;
 Only the castle moodily
 Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
 And gloomed by itself apart;
 The season brimmed all other things up
 Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
 He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
 Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
 And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
 The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
 The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
 And midway its leap his heart stood still
 Like a frozen waterfall;
 For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
 Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
 And seemed the one blot on the summer morn, —
 So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
 “ Better to me the poor man's crust,
 Better the blessing of the poor,
 Though I turn me empty from his door;

That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold

 Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
 That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a gold goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.”

Prelude to Part Second

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,

 From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak

 It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew;
But silvery mosses that downward grew;

Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bullrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,

Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
 The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
 Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
 Against the drift of the cold.

Part Second

I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
 For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
 From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

“For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;”
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grawsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said, “I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!”

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink:
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl, —
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate, —
Himself the Gate whereby man can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snow on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
“Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;

Behold it is here, — this cup which thou
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
 This crust is my body broken for thee,
 This water His blood that died on the tree;
 The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
 In whatso we share with another's need, —
 Not what we give, but what we share,
 For the gift without the giver is bare;
 Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
 Himself, his hungering neighbor and me.”

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound: —
 “The Grail in my castle here is found!
 Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
 Let it be the spider’s banquet-hall;
 He must be fenced with stronger mail
 Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.”

X

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough;
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The Summer’s long siege at last is o’er;
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
 She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by surprise;
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal’s land
 Has hall and bower at his command;
 And there’s no poor man in the North Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

Study Helps and Questions

James Russell Lowell lived at a time when there was much opposition to slavery. He felt very keenly the need of reform, and under the spell of his poetic vision he poured out his soul in glorious song.

The following note, prefixed to all editions of the poem, helps to an understanding of its meaning:

"According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus Christ partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration for many years, in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems."

The poem is a story within a story. The first story tells of a knight, Sir Launfal, who has vowed to seek the Holy Grail. As he lies down to rest, he has a dream or "vision," which is the second story. His dream is supposed to cover the events of his entire life. In reality it covers but a night, and Sir Launfal wakes in the morning changed in heart and purpose as the result of his vision. The preludes to both parts of the poem are particularly beautiful and suggestive of the theme of the story.

1. What is meant by a prelude?
2. What season of the year is described in the prelude to Part First?
3. Explain the expression "rare as a day in June."
4. Read the beautiful description of Nature in June, and compare it with the springtime as you see it.
5. Why is it easy for the heart to be happy in the springtime?
6. How does the beauty of the springtime affect human beings?
7. Who was Sir Launfal?
8. What was his vow?
9. Tell the story of the Holy Grail.

10. Why did the June day make Sir Launfal desire to achieve his quest?
11. What preparations did he make for his journey?
12. Tell how he fell asleep on the rushes, and "a vision flew to his soul."
13. Describe Sir Launfal's castle in the "North Countree."
14. Why did its gray stone walls seem out of keeping with the summer day?
15. Why were the gates opened only to lords and ladies of high degree?
16. Compare the cold, gray, inhospitable castle with the beauty of the land about it, a beauty that was free to all.
17. In his "vision," Sir Launfal leaves his castle. Describe the young knight as he sets out on his quest. Note the lines that tell of his joyous spirit.
18. Tell of Sir Launfal's meeting with the leper at his gate.
19. How did the appearance of the leper affect him?
20. How did the leper receive the gold that Sir Launfal tossed him in scorn?
21. What spirit did Sir Launfal show by his act?
22. Express in your own words the thought contained in the leper's speech.
23. Give a picture of the winter landscape, as you see it from the poet's description.
24. Contrast winter in the Prelude to the Second Part with spring in the Prelude to the First Part.
25. What did the poet seek to express in his choice of a spring scene as a Prelude to Part First and a winter scene as a Prelude to Part Second?
26. Contrast Sir Launfal as he starts out on his quest with Sir Launfal as he returns from his journey.
27. What expressions help you to judge of his age and condition?
28. How was he received at his castle?
29. Why was Sir Launfal turned away from his own gate?

30. How did Sir Launfal feel about the loss of his earldom? Why did he no longer care about it?
 31. State in what ways Sir Launfal has changed.
 32. What feast was being celebrated when he returned?
 33. Of what was Sir Launfal thinking as he sat in the cold outside the castle gate?
 34. What scenes of other days did he recall?
 35. Who interrupted Sir Launfal's musings?
 36. Contrast Sir Launfal's first meeting with the leper with his second meeting.
 37. Whose image did he behold in the leper now?
 38. How did Sir Launfal respond to the leper's second appeal for alms?
 39. How did the leper receive Sir Launfal's gift?
 40. How was the leper transformed?
 41. How did Sir Launfal achieve his quest of the Holy Grail?
 42. What lesson did Sir Launfal learn from his vision?
 43. How did he prove his love for his fellow-man?
 44. What lessons can we learn from this story?
-

A VISION OF THE FUTURE

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid; for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it. For all people will walk, every one in the name of his god, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever. — *Old Testament.*

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me; sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

Katherine Lee Bates (1859-), Professor of English Literature at Wellesley College, is the author of several stories, essays, and poems. One of her most popular poems is "America the Beautiful," which is frequently used as a patriotic song.

Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887), a noted preacher, orator, and author. At one time he was the most popular lecturer in America. For forty years he was pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. His literary work treated largely of religious and political questions and current events.

Henry Holcomb Bennett (1863-), journalist, poet, and landscape painter, born in Chillicothe, Ohio. "The Flag Goes By" is his most popular poem.

Mary Elizabeth Blake (1840-), born in Ireland, but has lived most of her life in Boston. She is known as a writer of both prose and verse. Her poetic works include *Verses by the Way*, *Youth in Twelve Centuries*, and her prose compositions are *Sketches of American Travel*, *Travel Experiences in Europe*, and others.

William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878), born at Cummington, Massachusetts. At an early period he showed marked literary ability. His poem, "Thanatopsis," was published when he was only twenty years old. He has written many poems about nature. He was a distinguished poet and journalist.

Robert Burns (1759-1796), a famous lyric poet of Scotland. He owed his popularity to the simple natural beauty of the style in which he portrayed the humor and pathos of peasant life. Although his education was meager and most of his life was spent as a poor farmer, he was the greatest of the poets who have sprung from the people. Two of his most popular long poems are "Tam O'Shanter" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

John C. Calhoun (1782-1850), born in Abbeville district, South Carolina. As a representative of his native state in the United States Senate, he was a strong advocate of free trade, his chief political opponent being Daniel Webster. He was a great orator and statesman. He was one of the few great men who held that slavery is an advantage

to the negro and to his owner. He was a man of high ideals. Daniel Webster, who opposed him in Congress, said, "Nothing low or selfish ever came near the head or heart of Mr. Calhoun."

Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), born in Scotland. He was the son of a farmer, and was educated at Edinburgh University. He was an essayist, historian, and philosopher, his books possessing great literary merit. His best known works are his *History of the French Revolution, Past and Present, Life of Frederick the Great, Sartor Resartus, and Heroes and Hero Worship*. He died in London.

Winston Churchill (1871-), an American novelist, was born in St. Louis. He was graduated from the United States Naval Academy. His first literary work was a number of naval stories contributed to magazines. He has written several novels which are very popular. Among them are *Richard Carvel, The Celebrity, The Crossing, The Crisis, and others.*

J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur (1731-1813), an agriculturist and writer, and a French nobleman. He was educated in France, but later lived for a while in England, and came to America during the French and Indian War. He settled on a farm near New York City. His *Letters from an American Farmer* was translated into French and caused many Frenchmen to emigrate to America. He was at one time French Consul at New York. He finally returned to France, where he died.

Charles Dickens (1812-1870), an English novelist, was conspicuous for his humor. He was a man of deep sympathy for the poor and oppressed, and his works were of great service in promoting social and legal reform. Some of his best books are, *David Copperfield*, which is largely autobiographical, *Nicholas Nickleby, Martin Chuzzlewit, Pickwick Papers, A Tale of Two Cities, Great Expectations, Our Mutual Friend*, and others. His success as an author was based on his recognition of popular needs and tastes. He did much for the schools of England.

Orville Dewey (1794-1882), born at Sheffield, Massachusetts. He was a Unitarian clergyman, and also a writer.

George Washington Doane (1799-1839), a professor at Trinity College, Connecticut; later was elected Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey, his native State.

René Doumic (1860-), a distinguished French literary and dramatic critic, was born at Paris. He is especially known for his criticisms published in the leading French journals. He was at one time a professor at Stanislas College, and lectured at Harvard University, and also in Canada. His writings are mostly in French.

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820), an American poet, was born in New York. "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag" are his best known poems.

William Crowell Edgar (1856-), born at La Crosse, Wisconsin, was educated in the schools of St. Louis. He took a prominent part in the foreign relief movement, and did much to regulate the milling industry at home during the recent war. He is a contributor to a number of periodicals and is the author of numerous trade pamphlets.

George Eliot (1819-1880), the pen name of Mrs. Mary Ann Evans Cross, an English novelist. She has written many novels which are very popular. Among them are *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, and *Adam Bede*.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), a celebrated American poet, philosopher, lecturer, and essayist, was born at Boston, Massachusetts. His work, characterized by high ideals and logical thinking, has done much to raise literary standards in America. He died at Concord, Massachusetts, where he had lived for half a century.

Daniel Decatur Emmett (1815-1904), an American actor and song writer, was born at Mount Vernon, Ohio. He was especially successful in giving negro minstrel performances. He is best known as the author of "Dixie," which he composed for a minstrel show, but which afterwards became the famous war song of the South. He was also the author of several other popular songs.

Edward Everett (1794-1865), born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, was graduated from Harvard University, in which he held a professorship for some time. Later he became a minister of the gospel, but resigned his calling to enter political life. He held many important political offices, and was the most famous speaker of his day. He raised thousands of dollars by his lecture on "Washington," which he gave for the purpose of helping the women of America to purchase and preserve "Mount Vernon," the home of Washington. He died in Boston.

Francis M. Finch (1827-1907), an American poet, was the author of "The Blue and the Gray," "Nathan Hale," and other patriotic poems.

John H. Finley (1863-), born at Grand Ridge, Illinois, was at one time professor of politics at Princeton, later he was president of the College of the City of New York. In 1913 he was made Commissioner of Education in New York State. He has written many interesting articles on a variety of subjects ranging from pioneer life to the problems of modern days.

Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), perhaps the best example of the self-made American, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, but ran away

at an early age to Philadelphia, where he made his home permanently. From a penniless boy, he rose by patient industry, frugality, and honesty, to a position of wealth, influence, and honor. From a printer's devil he became an editor and publisher, educating himself largely by his own efforts. His interests were varied and extended to the fields of science, philosophy, literature, and politics. He served his country with tireless and unselfish devotion during the dark period of the Revolutionary War. He was sent to England to oppose the Stamp Act, but returned to America, signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and then was sent as an ambassador to France. Largely through his brilliant efforts France recognized and aided the Colonies in their struggle for freedom. Franklin was a delegate to the Federal Convention in 1787 which framed the Constitution of the United States. He was a true patriot and his generous and intelligent service to his country have emblazoned his name on the pages of the history of America.

James A. Garfield (1831-1881), a fine example of self-made American, rose by his own efforts from poverty and obscurity to a position of power. He was at one time president of Hiram College in Ohio, his native state. He served as an officer in the Civil War but resigned his commission to accept a political position under President Lincoln. In 1880 he was elected President of the United States, but was shot in 1881 by a disappointed office seeker.

Ellen Anderson Gholson Glasgow (1874-), born in Richmond, Virginia, is a woman of broad education and has traveled extensively. She has written some interesting stories of life in the South. Some of her most popular books are: *The Voice of the People*, *The Battleground*, *The Descendant*, and others.

Henry W. Grady (1851-1889), born at Athens, Georgia, was graduated from the University of Georgia and became a distinguished journalist, author, and editor. He was one of the editors and owners of the Atlanta *Constitution*. He used his influence to bring about a better understanding between the North and the South in the dark days following the Civil War, and his speech on "The New South" has been widely quoted.

Arthur Guiterman (1871-), born in Vienna, Austria, was educated in New York City. He has done editorial work for the leading American magazines, and is a lecturer on magazine and newspaper work. He is also a writer of lyric verse and is the author of several books.

Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909), a famous Boston clergyman, is best known as the author of *The Man Without a Country*. He wrote

many other books as well as newspaper and magazine articles. He was deeply interested in all charitable movements. He was a nephew of the distinguished Edward Everett.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793-1835), born in Liverpool, England, wrote a number of poems, the best known of which are "The Landing of The Pilgrims" and "Casabianca."

Patrick Henry (1736-1799), "the Tongue of the Revolution," was born in Virginia. He sounded the trumpet note of freedom in his great speech for liberty in the Virginia Convention of 1775. His impassioned oratory stirred the hearts of men to great patriotic fervor. He was a zealous patriot during the Revolution and afterwards took part in framing the Constitution of the United States. He was several times elected governor of Virginia. He belonged to a group of men who are loved and cherished as the founders of the American Republic.

Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819-1881), an American poet, author, and journalist. Some of his best known works are "Bitter Sweet," "Katrina," *Timothy Titcomb's Letters*, and *Arthur Bonnicastle*, the last named being a popular boy's book. He was one of the founders of the Century Magazine.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), sometimes called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," from the title of his best known book. He was a physician of Boston and for many years was a professor of medicine in Harvard University. He wrote many humorous and patriotic poems, and a number of essays.

Joseph Hopkinson (1770-1842), the author of "Hail Columbia," was born in Philadelphia. He was the son of Francis H. Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was a distinguished lawyer.

Elbert Hubbard (1859-1915), born in Illinois, was an author and lecturer, and was proprietor of the Roycroft Shop in East Aurora, New York. His "Message to Garcia" was so popular that millions of copies were printed. He lost his life when the ill-fated *Lusitania* was sunk by a German submarine during the World War.

Charles Evans Hughes (1862-), born at Glen Falls, New York, entered the practice of law in New York City, and soon gained political prominence. In 1907, he was elected governor of New York, and later he was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1916, he was the Republican nominee for the presidency of the United States.

Washington Irving (1783-1859), born in New York City, was the most popular of the early writers of the 19th Century, and was one of

the earliest American writers to receive recognition in the world of letters. He lived abroad for a while, and was at one time connected with the United States Legation at London. After his return to America he made his home at Tarrytown on the Hudson. Some of his popular writings include: *The Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, and *The Alhambra*.

John James Ingalls (1833-1900), born at Middleton, Massachusetts, was graduated from Williams College, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He took a deep interest in political affairs, and held several important political positions. He was a brilliant speaker, and wrote much on topics of public interest for newspapers and magazines.

John Ireland (1838-1919), born in Ireland, was educated at the Cathedral School, St. Paul, and then went to France to complete his studies. He was ordained a priest in 1861, and was archbishop of St. Paul. His best known work is *The Church and Modern Society*.

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), the third president of the United States, was born in Albemarle County, Virginia. After his graduation from William and Mary College, he was admitted to the bar and began his long career of public service. Jefferson was one of the truly great men of our country, one of the founders of our Republic. He was a member of the Continental Congress, and drafted the Declaration of Independence. He held many important political positions, and was the father of the Democratic party. He is often regarded as the greatest political leader of his day. But his interests were not confined to politics; he was deeply interested in educational affairs, and was the founder of the University of Virginia. He was a strong advocate of democratic principles of government, and he lived to see his ideals realized in the great nation whose political creed he helped to shape. He died at Monticello in Virginia on Independence Day, 1826.

Francis Scott Key (1780-1843), born in Frederick County, Maryland, was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, and entered the profession of law. At one time he was District Attorney of Washington, D. C. Key wrote some verse, but only one of his poems is worthy of note. His fame rests on his authorship of "The Star-Spangled Banner," the national hymn of America. It was written in 1814, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, Baltimore, by the English. Key was held as a prisoner on the English fleet. He wrote the first stanza of the song on the back of an old letter, just after the attack, and completed it on his return to Baltimore. It gained immediate popularity, and is now regarded as the national anthem of America.

An American flag always floats over the grave of Francis Scott Key in Frederick, Maryland.

Rudyard Kipling (1865-), an English poet and short story writer, was born in Bombay, India, of English parents. He was educated in England, but afterwards returned to India, where he lived for some time. He has written much of India, describing both civil and military life. His *Jungle Books* and *Just So Stories* are especially popular with children.

Franklin K. Lane (1864-), born at Prince Edward's Island, Canada. In his early childhood he removed to California. He attended the University of California and practiced law in San Francisco. He was a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington, which position he resigned to enter President Wilson's cabinet as Secretary of the Interior.

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), president of the United States during the Civil War, was born in Hardin (Larue) County, Kentucky. In his early boyhood he moved to Indiana, at that time little more than a wilderness. He educated himself largely through his own efforts, having no opportunity to go to school. He endured all the hardships of pioneer life. At the age of twenty-one he removed to Illinois, studied law, was elected to the legislature of Illinois, and later was sent to Congress. At this time the slavery question was uppermost in the public mind and Lincoln gained great prominence by his debates with Stephen A. Douglas on this subject. He became the leader of the Republican party and finally was nominated and elected to the presidency of the United States, serving during the bitter period of the Civil War. He was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theatre in Washington, just five days after General Robert E. Lee's surrender. Lincoln was a fine example of the democratic spirit of America, rising from poverty and obscurity to the highest position in the land, respected alike by friend and foe for his wisdom, justice, and broad humanity. His death was a distinct loss to the South as well as to the North.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), one of the best loved of American poets, whose simplicity of style and rare human sympathy have endeared him to all, especially to children, is sometimes called "The Children's Poet." He was born in Portland, Maine. After spending some time abroad he removed to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he became professor of modern languages at Harvard University. He died at Cambridge. Of his long poems the best known are "The Song of Hiawatha," "Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and "Evangeline."

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891), a distinguished American poet, essayist, scholar, and diplomat, succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard University. He was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of the *North American Review*. He was ambassador to Spain and later to Great Britain. Among his best known works are his "Odes," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "Biglow Papers," and "Political Essays."

John McCrae (1872-1918), poet, physician, and lecturer, was born in Guelph, Ontario. As a civilian, he held the position of a lecturer in medicine at McGill University. At the outbreak of the World War he was appointed surgeon to a Canadian regiment, and for fourteen months he saw continuous service. His health was undermined by the strain, and he died in France in January, 1918. He is best known by his poem "In Flanders Fields," which is regarded as one of the foremost poems of the World War. It has already been translated into many languages.

Charles Mackay (1814-1889), a Scottish poet and editor, was the War Correspondent of the *London Times* in the United States during the Civil War. He has written some stirring poems, of which "Tubal Cain" is one of the best known.

Walter Malone (1866-1915), an American poet and jurist, was born in DeSoto County, Mississippi. He was graduated from the University of Mississippi and entered the practice of law. On petition of the members of the Memphis bar, he was appointed judge of the Circuit Court of Shelby County. He contributed to the periodicals of the day, and was the author of many poems. An association has been formed to have his poem, "Opportunity," cast in bronze and the tablet placed in Court Square in the heart of Memphis.

Joaquin Miller (1841-1912) was born in Indiana, but when he was quite young he moved with his parents to Oregon. The West was at that time a wild, undeveloped country, and Miller was intimately associated with its life. He worked in the gold mines of California, fought Indians, drove stagecoaches, and then returned to Oregon, where he edited a newspaper and studied and practiced law. He wrote many poems and stories, most of them about wild life in the early days of the West. Miller spent some time in England, and later engaged in newspaper work in New York and Washington. He finally returned to California, where he died at his home in Oakland.

James Monroe (1758-1831), the fifth president of the United States, born in Westmoreland County, Virginia. He left school at a very early age to fight in the Revolutionary War. After the Revolution

he entered public life and held many prominent positions. He was Governor of Virginia, United States Senator, Secretary of State, Minister to France and Great Britain, and was twice elected president of the United States. One of the leading events of his administration was the setting forth of the Monroe Doctrine. He was a man of upright character, and his public life was marked by honesty of purpose and devotion to duty. He died in New York on the fourth of July.

Wilbur Dick Nesbit (1871-), born in Xenia, Ohio, has engaged extensively in newspaper work, and his writings include both prose and poetry.

John Henry Newman (1801-1890), born in London, England, had a brilliant mind, and even in his early years showed marked literary ability. He was graduated at an early age from Oxford and became a minister in the Church of England. Later he changed his religious belief, and entered the Roman Catholic Church, in which he became a priest, and finally cardinal. His poem, "Lead, Kindly Light" shows the struggle of his soul. It is a prayer to God for guidance, and it is now sung as a hymn in many churches.

Theodore O'Hara (1820-1867), born in Danville, Kentucky, practiced law for a while after he finished college. At the outbreak of the Mexican War, he entered the American army and rose to the rank of major. In the Civil War he was a colonel in the Confederate army. He owes his literary fame to his poem "The Bivouac of the Dead." He died near Guerrytown, Alabama.

James Ryder Randall (1839-1908), born in Baltimore, Maryland, was a student of Georgetown College and afterwards held a professorship at Poydras College, Louisiana. He entered newspaper work and was associated with the *Augusta Chronicle*. He is best known as the author of the popular war song, "Maryland, My Maryland."

Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919) was born in New York City. After his graduation from Harvard University he held many prominent political positions. In the Spanish-American War he was the organizer and leader of a volunteer cavalry regiment, the Rough Riders, with which he fought in Cuba. On his return to the United States he was elected governor of New York. Later he was elected vice-president of the United States, becoming president on the death of President McKinley. He was elected to succeed himself. He traveled much in the interest of scientific research and was the author of many books on history, biography, politics, sport, and travel. He died suddenly at his home in Oyster Bay, New York.

Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle (1760-1836) owes his fame to the fact that he is the author of "La Marseillaise," the national song of France. It was composed in 1792, and when sung by a regiment in Marseilles, it fired the people, already aroused, to a keen sense of their oppression. It was sung by the Revolutionists in Paris, and when the king was beheaded, the monarchy overthrown, and a republic established, "La Marseillaise" became the national hymn of France.

Abram Joseph Ryan (1839-1886), "the poet-laureate of the Confederacy," as he is often called, was born in Norfolk, Virginia. He was a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and during the Civil War he served as a chaplain in the Confederate army. At various times he was stationed at churches in Augusta, Knoxville, New Orleans, and Mobile. His poems are popular, many of them expressing his intense love for the South, notably "The Conquered Banner" and "The Sword of Robert E. Lee." Father Ryan was also a lecturer and the editor of several religious journals. He died in Louisville, Kentucky.

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), a famous novelist and poet, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. As a child he was lame, and spent some time in the country near Melrose Abbey. It was here that he learned much of Scottish history and Scottish legends, and many stories of the border wars, all of which influenced his literary work. His best known poems are "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." His best prose works are his "Waverly Novels." He became rich and famous. The king conferred a title upon him, and he had a beautiful castle called Abbotsford, where he lived happily with his family. Misfortune, however, came to him in his late years. Through an unfortunate business venture he lost all his money and found himself heavily in debt. He set to work cheerfully to pay his debts by his writings. His health broke under the strain of his labors and he died, distinguished no less for his honesty and high principles than for his literary genius.

Robert Service (1874-), sometimes called "The American Kipling," was born in Preston, England, but emigrated to Canada, where he engaged in farming, and became an explorer. He later joined the staff of a Canadian bank. He has written a number of books, but he is best known by his *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*, which grew out of his service as an ambulance driver in the World War.

Edward Rowland Sill (1841-1887), an American poet and essayist, was a graduate of Yale, and for some years held the chair of English language and literature in the University of California.

Samuel Francis Smith (1808-1895), an American clergyman and hymn-writer, was born in Boston. He was graduated from Harvard University and from the seminary at Andover. His compositions include both prose and poetry, but he is best known as the author of the patriotic hymn, "America."

Frank Lebby Stanton (1859-), poet and newspaper correspondent, was born in South Carolina, but has lived most of his life in Georgia. He is on the staff of the Atlanta *Constitution*. He has published several volumes of poems.

Edward Steiner (1866-), born in Vienna, Austria, was educated in Germany. He is a professor at Grinnell College, Iowa, and is deeply interested in sociological problems, especially those concerning foreign immigrants and their needs.

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863) was born in Calcutta, India. His father, an English government official, died when Thackeray was only five years old, and the boy was sent to England to school. He entered Cambridge University, but did not finish his course. He tried several professions in all of which he failed, and after many reverses he achieved success as a novelist. *Vanity Fair* is his best known book. *Henry Esmond*, *Pendennis*, *The Newcomes*, and *The Virginians* are also popular.

Frank O. Ticknor (1822-1874), born in Clinton, Georgia, attended school in the North. He spent most of his life as a simple country physician, living on his farm in Georgia, and writing his poems on the backs of prescription blanks. One volume of his poetry has been published. He died near Columbus, Georgia.

Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910), a famous Russian author, whose writings embrace a variety of subjects, lived and worked much among peasants, although a nobleman, and even did manual labor himself. He was a man of brilliant mind and a deep thinker, but his ideas were erratic. His writings have been translated into many languages.

Henry Pitt Warren (1846-), born at Windham, Maine, is a graduate of Yale, and has been prominently associated with many of the leading schools of the East. He is the author of *Stories from English History*.

George Washington (1732-1799), the first president of the United States, is fitly termed the father of our country. He was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia. After he left school he took up the work of surveying the mountain lands of Virginia, a work which made him familiar with woodcraft and the ways of Indians. When the French and Indian War broke out, Washington was placed in command of the

Virginia troops. In Braddock's unsuccessful expedition against Fort Duquesne, his experience and judgment saved the army from utter rout. During the War of the Revolution, Washington was made commander-in-chief of the American forces. In the bitter and unequal struggle, Washington's ability as a military leader, and his patience and courage in the face of hardships, were wonderful assets in the struggle for independence. After peace was declared Washington had an important part in framing the Constitution of the United States. He was twice elected to the presidency without opposition, but refused a third term and retired to Mount Vernon to his beautiful estate on the Potomac, where he spent the rest of his days in peace. He was buried at Mount Vernon.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892), an American poet and philanthropist, during the Civil War did splendid work in the hospitals around Washington, serving the needs of friend and foe alike. He was a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln, and wrote "O Captain, My Captain!" to commemorate his death.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892), "the Quaker Poet" as he is sometimes called, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts. He went to the district school for a few months out of the year, but was too poor to go to college. He attended Haverhill Academy for a short time, earning the money to pay his way by making slippers. At an early age he began to write verse, and his literary ability developed with his years. In his poem "Snow-Bound" he has given us a splendid picture of life on a New England farm, the humble rural life of his own childhood. Whittier was deeply interested in the political questions of the day, and wrote many patriotic poems. He died at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, in his eighty-fifth year.

Woodrow Wilson (1856-), a Virginian by birth, has spent much of his time in New Jersey, where he was president of Princeton University for eight years and later governor of the State. He was elected President of the United States in 1913 and reëlected in 1917, serving during the great crisis of our nation's part in the World War. He took a prominent part in the Peace Conference at Paris and worked hard for the success of the League of Nations. He is an able writer and is the author of many books and magazine articles.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

The diacritical marks used are those employed in the latest edition of *Webster's International Dictionary*. The unmarked vowels are usually short unaccented vowels.

ā	as in māte	ō	as in hōle
ă	as in măt	õ	as in nõt
ä	as in fär	ô	as in lôst
à	as in tâsk	ö	as in ôbey
â	as in câre	ü	as in sûre
å	as in senâte	ú	as in rüb
¤	as in fall	û	as in tûrn
ē	as in mē	û	as in ûnite
ě	as in mět	u	as in rûde
ë	as in hër		
è	as in èvent	ÿ (i)	as in pity
í	as in pîne	oo	as in mōon
ï	as in pïn n (ng) as in bank	oö	as in wöol
th	as in smooth		
th	as in thin		
k	for c as in fabric		
t	for ed as in crossed		
f	for ph as in triumph		
ks	for x as in vex		
gz	for x as in exist		
j	for g as in gem		
sh	for ch as in machine		
zh	for z as in azure		
zh	for si as in vision		
k	for ch as in anarchy		
kw	for qu as in queen		
ti and ci	like sh in nation, gracious.		

VOCABULARY

aboriginal (ăb ô rĭj'i nál), original, primitive.

abstinence (ăb'sti nĕns), self denial.

abundant (à bŭn'dant), plentiful.

abyss (á bís'), a bottomless depth.

accomplished (ăk kŏm'plišht), finished.

accountable (ăk kount'ă bl), responsible.

accumulation (ăk kū'mū lā'shun), an increasing in size, number, or quantity.

achieve (à chēv'), to accomplish.

adequate (ăd'e kwāt), sufficient.

adventurous (ăd vĕn'tūr ūs), daring.

adversary (ăd'ver sā ri), an opponent.

agency (ā'jĕn si), operation, an establishment for the purpose of doing business for another.

aggression (ăg grĕsh'ūn), an unprovoked attack.

alabaster (ăl à băs'tēr), like white marble.

alien (ăl'yĕn), a foreigner not naturalized.

allegiance (ăl lē'jans), loyalty to a government.

alliance (ăl lī'ans), union between nations.

allurement (à lūr'ment), attraction, temptation.

ambrosial (ăm brō'zhi āl), fragrant.

amicable (ăm'ă kă bl), friendly, peaceable.

anarchy (ăn'ärk ī), a lawless condition of society.

ancestors (ăn'sĕs tĕrs), forefathers.

anchored (ăn'kĕrd), held fast.

ancient (ān'shent), of past times.

anguish (ăn'gwish), intense bodily or mental suffering.

annals (ăn'nalz), history of events of each year in order of sequence.

anthem (ăn'them), a sacred song.

antiquity (ăn tĭk'wī tī), great age, ancient times.

anxiety (ang zī'ē ti), uneasiness of mind.

arabesque (ăr'ă bĕsk), fanciful figures on the style of Arabic decorative art.

ardent (är'dent), fiery, eager.

arduous (är'dū ūs), difficult.

arrogance (ăr'rō gans), haughtiness, pride.

aspect (ăs'pĕckt), air, appearance.

aspiration (ăs pĭ rā'shun), yearning, ambition.

assign (ăs sīn'), to appoint.

assurance (ă sh'urāns), confidence, self-possession, impudence.

atheists (ă'thē ists), persons who deny the existence of God.

attire (ăt tīr'), dress, clothing.

- audible** (aw'di bI), capable of being heard.
- augmented** (awg měnt'ed), increased.
- autocratic** (aw tō krăt'ik), holding supreme power.
- avarice** (av'ā ris), greediness, especially for money.
- Azores** (ā zōrs'), a group of islands, belonging to Portugal, but lying far to the West.
- azure** (ăzh'ūr or ā'zhur), clear blue as the blue of the sky.
- Baal** (bā'äl), a ancient Eastern god.
- baldric** (bawl'drīk or bal drīk), a broad belt.
- banditti** (ban dīt'i), robbers, outlaws.
- barbed** (bärb'd), sharp pointed.
- barricades** (bar rī kāds'), hastily constructed fortifications.
- battalions** (bá tăl'yūns), bodies of infantry forming divisions of a regiment.
- belligerents** (běl līj'ēr ents), powers engaged in war.
- benedicite** (běn e dis'i te), a Latin word meaning "Bless you."
- beneficent** (be něf'i sent), characterized by kindness.
- benevolent** (be něv' ō lent), kind, charitable.
- benign** (be nīn'), kind, gracious.
- Berserk** (bēr'sērk), a fierce warrior in the Norse legends.
- bivouac** (bīv'ōō ak), an encampment without tents in the open air.
- blanched** (blāndhd), became pale.
- blazoned** (blā'znd), adorned, decorated in colors.
- brilliant** (brīl'yānt), sparkling, distinguished.
- buffets** (būf'ëts), blows.
- calumet** (kăl'ū mět), the peace pipe of North American Indians.
- carnage** (kăr'nāj), slaughter, massacre.
- cavernous** (kăv'ērn ūs), cave-like, full of hollows.
- celestial** (sē lēs'chal), heavenly.
- chagrin** (shă grīn'or grēn'), mortification, vexation.
- challenge** (chăl'lēnj), to invite to a contest, to defy.
- chaplets** (chăp'lēts), a wreath encircling the head, a rosary.
- chivalry** (shīv'al ri), manners and customs of knights.
- clamorous** (klăm'ēr ūs), noisy.
- clangor** (klăn'gēr), a sharp clang.
- clarion** (klăr'i ūn), like a trumpet.
- clement** (klěm'ent), merciful, gentle.
- coffers** (kōf'fērs), chests, a treasury.
- compassion** (kōm păsh'ūn), sympathy.
- compensation** (kōm'pēn sā'shūn), amends, recompense.
- competence** (kōm'pē tens), sufficiency.
- comprehended** (kōm prē hěnd'ed), understood.
- compulsory** (kōm pūl'sō rī), exercising force, obligatory.
- conglomerate** (kōn glōm'ēr āt), to collect or cluster together.
- consecrated** (kōn'sē krāt ed), made sacred, devoted.

- constellation** (kōn'stēl lā'shūn), a group of fixed stars, splendors.
- constrains** (kōn strāns'), forces, restrains.
- contention** (kōn těn'shūn), debate, contest.
- convene** (kōn vēn'), to assemble.
- coöperation** (kō ōp'ēr ā'shūn), working together.
- cormorant** (kōr'mō rant), a bird of prey.
- coronal** (kōr'ō näl), like a crown.
- corporeal** (kōr pō'rē al), physical.
- corsair** (kōr'sār), a pirate.
- crevice** (krēv'īs), a crack, a fissure.
- crises** (krī'sēz), emergencies.
- dauntless** (dānt'lēs), fearless.
- decimation** (dēs'i mā shūn), destruction of a tenth, hence of a large proportion.
- defiance** (dē fī'āns), a challenge, disregard.
- demagogue** (dēm'ā gōg), a popular orator who usually speaks against constituted authority.
- demented** (dē mēnt'ēd), insane.
- delectable** (dē lēk'tā bl), delightful.
- denizen** (dēn'ī zn), an inhabitant.
- desecrate** (dēs'ē krāt), to profane.
- desolation** (dēs'ō lā'shun), ruin, destruction.
- despondency** (dē spōnd'en si), mental depression.
- despotism** (dēs'pō tīzm), tyranny.
- destiny** (dēs'tī nī), fate.
- devastated** (dēv'ās tāt ed), plundered, laid waste.
- diffusion** (dif fū'zhūn), spreading abroad.
- disastrous** (dīz ăs'trūs), unfortunate, calamitous.
- discipline** (dīs'sī plīn), subjection to control.
- disconsolate** (dīs kōn'sō lāt), sad.
- discretion** (dīs krēsh'ūn), prudence, judgment.
- dissonant** (dīs'sō nānt), discordant.
- divergence** (dī vēr'jēns), going apart from each other.
- document** (dōk'ū ment), a paper relied upon to establish a fact.
- dogmatic** (dōg māt'īk), positive.
- dole** (dōl), alms.
- domination** (dōm'i nā'shun), power, absolute authority.
- dominion** (dō mīn'yūn), supreme authority, control.
- Druid** (drū'īd), a priest of the ancient Celtic tribes.
- dungeons** (dūn'jūns), underground cells, prisons.
- dynasties** (dī'nās tīz), a succession of rulers of the same family.
- efficient** (ēf fīsh'ent), capable, effective.
- effulgent** (ēf fūl'jent), of great brightness or splendor.
- ejaculated** (ē jāk'ū lāt ed), uttered suddenly.
- emancipated** (ē mān'sī pāt ed), freedom.
- emblazon** (ēm blā'zn), to adorn, to celebrate the praises of.
- emblem** (ēm'blēm), a visible sign of an idea, a symbolical figure.
- emerge** (ē mērj'), to come forth.
- emigrants** (ēm'ī grants), people who leave their own country to settle in another.

- emphasis** (ěm'fā sīš), special force of language or thought.
- enamored** (ěn ām'ērd), captivated, delighted.
- endeavor** (ěn děv'ěr), to strive to attain; to attempt.
- epitaph** (ěp'ě tāf), an inscription on a tomb.
- essential** (ěs sěn'shal), most important, necessary.
- estimate** (ěs'tě māt), to determine the value of.
- evinces** (ě vīns'ěs), shows, makes evident.
- evolved** (ě vōlv'd'), developed, worked out.
- exemplified** (ěgz ěm'plě fīd), illustrated by example.
- exiles** (ex'īls), people banished or forced to live away from their native land.
- exist** (egz īst'), to live.
- exodus** (ěks' ōd ūs), going away to another place.
- expedients** (ěks pē'di ents), devices, means to an end.
- exploits** (ěks ploits'), remarkable or heroic deeds.
- extenuate** (ěks ten'ū āt), to offer excuses for.
- extremity** (ěks trěm'i ti), the utmost point, the end.
- exuberant** (ěks ū'bēr ānt), abundant.
- exultation** (ěks ūl tā'shūn), triumphant rejoicing.
- fabric** (făb'rīk), a building, a woven material.
- facetious** (fă sē'shūs), humorous.
- faculties** (făk'ūl tīz), mental or physical powers.
- falcon-eyed** (faw'kn-īd), sharp-eyed.
- familiar** (fă mīl'yēr), well acquainted with, easy, uncemonious.
- famine** (făm'īn), great scarcity, starvation.
- famished** (făm'īshd), starved.
- fantasy** (făn'tă sī), a strange fancy.
- fascination** (făs sī nā'shūn), charm, attraction.
- feasible** (fē'zi bl), practicable.
- felicity** (fe līs'i tī), happiness, prosperity.
- fetters** (fēt'ērs), shackles, chains.
- feuds** (fūds), quarrels, enmities.
- fidelity** (fi děl'i tī), loyalty, faithfulness.
- fiendish** (fēnd'īsh), like a demon, wicked.
- firmament** (fēr' mā ment), the sky.
- foreign** (for'ēn), alien, belonging to another country.
- forfeit** (fōr'fīt), a fine, to lose.
- formidable** (fōr'mid ā bl), fearful, powerful.
- fragment** (frāg'ment), a piece broken off from a whole.
- fragrance** (frā'grāns), sweet odor.
- franchise** (frān'chīz), a constitutional right.
- frontiers** (fron'tērz), boundaries of a country.
- frugal** (frū'gāl), thrifty, economical.
- fundamental** (fün dā měn'tal), essential, basis.

gangrene (găñ'grēn), the first state of mortification.

Gates of Hercules (Hēr'cū lēz), an ancient name of the two opposite capes at the Strait of Gibraltar.

generation (gēn ēr ā'shūn), people of the same period.

gerfalcon (jēr'faw k'n), a large hawk.

ghastly (găst'lī), pale, haggard.

gorgeous (gōr'jūs), splendid, showy.

guidon (gī'dun), the flag of a troop or a guild.

guinea (gīn'e), a gold coin formerly used in England, value about \$5.

gyves (jīvs), fetters, shackles, usually for the leg.

hamlets (hăm'lëts), small villages.

harmonize (här'mō nīz), to reconcile, to agree.

heraldic (he ral'dik), relating to heralds or heraldry.

hereditary (he rĕd'i ta ri), passing from an ancestor to a descendant, from parent to child.

heritage (her'i tāj), a birthright or inheritance.

Hessians (hĕsh'āns), soldiers of Hesse, Germany, hired to fight in the British Army.

hideous (hĭd'e ūs), dreadful, horrible.

hirelings (hīrl'ing), hired servants.

hoary (hōr'ī), ancient, grey with age.

homage (hōm'āj), deference, reverence.

hordes (hōrds), vast multitudes.

hospitality (hōs pi tăl'i ti), generous entertainment of strangers.

hostile (hōs'til), showing enmity.

hovel (hov'l), a hut or cabin.

idealism (ī dē'äl izm), an effort to attain the highest type.

illumined (īl lūm'mīn'd), enlightened, made plain.

illusions (īl lū'zhūnz), false ideas.

imbecile (īm'bē sīl), feeble-minded, foolish.

immortality (īm mōr tăl'i ti), unending existence.

impartial (īm pär'shāl), fair, just.

impassive (īm pās'īv), without emotion or feeling.

impassioned (īm pāsh'ünd), excited.

imperial (īm pē'rī āl), royal, sovereign.

impervious (īm pēr've ūs), impenetrable, unyielding.

impious (īm' pī ūs), wicked, profane.

implements (īm'ple ments), tools.

imprecations (īm prē kā'shūns), curses.

impropriety (īm prō prī'e tī), unsuitableness.

inalienable (īn āl'yēn ā bl), cannot be surrendered to another.

incarcerated (īn kăr'sēr āt'd), imprisoned.

incoherencies (īn kō hēr'en ūz), lack of connection, looseness.

indemnity (īn dēm'ni ti), compensation for loss.

indomitable (īn dōm'i tā bl), cannot be conquered.

VOCABULARY

- inestimable** (ĭn ēs'ti mā bl), invaluable.
- infirmity** (ĭn fēr'mī tī), weakness of body or mind.
- ingenuity** (ĭn je nū'i tī), cleverness, skill.
- inscrutable** (ĭn skrōō'tā bl), cannot be understood.
- inseparable** (ĭn sēp'ā rā bl), cannot be separated or divided.
- insidious** (ĭn sīd'i ūs), treacherous, deceitful.
- insignia** (ĭn sīg'ni ā), badges of honor or office.
- Insurgents** (ĭn sēr'jents), Cubans who rebelled against Spanish rule.
- inundation** (ĭn ūn dā'shūn), flood.
- invincible** (ĭn vīn'sī bl), unconquerable.
- irruption** (ĭr rūp'shūn), bursting in, sudden invasion.
- jungle** (jūn'gl), dense tropical forest.
- jurisprudence** (jū rīs prōō'dēns), system of laws of a country.
- keel** (kēl), the bottom or foundation of a boat.
- knavish** (nāv'īsh), dishonest, mischievous.
- laborious** (lā bō'rī ūs), difficult, toilsome.
- laudable** (lawd'ā bl), praiseworthy commendable.
- league** (lēg), a confederacy, an alliance for mutual interest.
- legislator** (lēj'īs lā tēr), a lawgiver.
- levees** (lēv'ēz), morning receptions held by persons of high rank.
- liberated** (līb'ēr āt'd), set free.
- liegemen** (lēj'mēn), men bound to service, vassals.
- limpid** (līm'pīd), clear.
- lithe** (līth), supple, pliant.
- magician** (mā jīsh'ān), one skilled in magic.
- Magna Carta** (măg'nā kăr'tā), the Great Charter granted by King John to the barons in 1215.
- magnetism** (măg'ne tīzm), the power to attract.
- maintenance** (mān'tē nāns), support.
- majesties** (maj'es tīz), grandeur.
- maniacal** (mā nī'ā kāl), like a madman, unreasonable.
- manifold** (mān'i fōld), numerous.
- Manitou** (mān'ī tōō), the Great Spirit of the North American Indians.
- marauder** (mā rawd'er), a rover in search of plunder.
- martial** (mär'shāl), military.
- Martin Alonzo Pinzon** (ā lōn'thō pēn thōn'), a Spanish navigator who sailed with Columbus.
- marvelous** (mär'vel ūs), wonderful, extraordinary.
- massive** (măs'īv), heavy, weighty.
- maudlin** (mawd'līn), foolish, weakly sentimental.
- meditation** (mēd i tā'shūn), deep thought.
- menace** (mēn'ās), a threat, a danger.
- mickle** (mīk'el), much.
- mien** (mēn), air, look, carriage.
- missive** (mīs'īv), a letter or message.

- momentous** (mō měn'tūs), very important.
- monotonous** (mō nōt'ō nūs), wearisome, unvarying.
- motive** (mō'tīv), reason, that which moves to action.
- mustered** (müs'tērd), the assembly of troops in one place.
- mutilation** (mū tī lā'shün), destruction, maiming.
- mutinous** (mū'tī nūs), to rise against authority, rebellious.
- mystic** (mīs'tīk), obscure, containing mystery, not understood.
- narrative** (nar'rā tīv), recital of a story or event, a tale.
- nethermost** (nēth'ēr mōst), lowest.
- neutrality** (nū trāl'i tī), having no part on either side in a contest.
- nourish** (nur'īsh), to feed or bring up, to supply.
- oblivious** (öb līv'i üs), forgetful.
- observance** (öb zēr'veāns), performance of rites; act of observing or noticing.
- obstructed** (öb strükt'd), hindered, impeded, interrupted.
- odorous** (ō'dēr üs), fragrant.
- opportunity** (öp por tū'nī tī), a convenient time or occasion.
- oppressor** (öp prēs'ēr), one who treats others unjustly severely.
- opulence** (öp'ū lēns), wealth, riches.
- palisades** (păl ī sāds'), fences or fortifications formed of stakes driven into the ground and pointed at the top.
- paltry** (păl'trī or pawl'trī), worthless, contemptible.
- parole** (pă rōl'), a word of honor given by a prisoner of war.
- partakes** (pär tāks), shares.
- particles** (pärt'i kls), very small pieces.
- paternity** (pă tēr'nī tī), fatherhood.
- pathos** (pā'thōs), sadness.
- patriots** (pā'trī öts), persons who are devoted to their native country.
- peasants** (pēz'ānts), countrymen.
- peered** (pērd), looked narrowly.
- peerless** (pēr'lēs), without an equal.
- pelf** (pělf), money, wealth, often secured dishonestly.
- penetrate** (pēn'ē trāt), to enter, to reach the mind.
- penury** (pēn'ū rī), poverty.
- peons** (pē'ōnz), Mexican laborers.
- perplexity** (pēr plēks'ī tī), embarrassment, doubt.
- perseverance** (pēr sē vēr'āns), continuing steadily at any undertaking.
- phantoms** (fān'tūms), fancied visions.
- pilgrim** (pīl'grīm), a traveler.
- pioneer** (pī ō nēr'), one who goes before to prepare the way for another.
- placidly** (plās'īd lī), calmly.
- plastic** (plās'tīk), something that can be molded or formed.
- plighted** (plīt'ēd), promised, pledged.
- plutocracy** (plōō tōk'rā sī), government by the rich.
- pollution** (pōl lū'shün), defilement, uncleanness.

- ponderous** (pōn'dēr ūs), heavy, important.
- populous** (pōp'ū lūs), thickly peopled.
- portage** (pōrt'āj), a break in a chain of water communication over which boats and goods have to be carried.
- posterity** (pōs tēr'ī tī), descendants.
- posture** (pōs'tūr), attitude, position of body.
- precipice** (prēs'ī pīs), a steep cliff.
- prejudice** (prēj'ū dīs), previous and unfavorable judgment.
- presumption** (prē zūmp'shūn), arrogance, overconfidence.
- primal** (pri'mal), first.
- principles** (prīn'sī p'līs), fundamental truths or doctrines, uprightness.
- privileged** (prīv'ī lējd), having certain rights.
- procured** (prō kūrd'), obtained.
- prolific** (prō līf'īk), productive, fertile.
- prophecies** (prōf'ē sīz), predictions of future events.
- prospective** (prō spēc'tīv), in the future.
- prowess** (prou'ēs), bravery, valor.
- punctilio** (pūngk tīl'ī ū), formal exactness, a nice point in conduct or ceremony.
- ramparts** (rām'pärts), walls around a fortified place.
- rancor** (rāng'kēr), deep spite or malice.
- rapacious** (rā pā'shūs), greedy, given to plunder.
- rational** (rāsh'ūn al), reasonable, wise.
- ravaged** (rāv'ājd), laid waste, plundered.
- rectitude** (rēk'tī tūd), honesty, right principles.
- regeneration** (rē jēn ēr ā'shūn), renewal, reformed.
- remorseless** (rē mōrs'lēs), cruel, merciless.
- remote** (rē mōt'), distant, far removed.
- repression** (rē prēsh'ūn), restraint, the act of quelling.
- requiem** (rē'kwē ēm), a mass for the soul of one deceased.
- resonant** (rez'ō nant), resounding.
- resplendent** (rē splēn'dent), intensely bright.
- rite** (rīt), a solemn religious act.
- rote** (rōt), repetition of words.
- runes** (rōōnz), mystic writings of the earliest Teutonic nations.
- sabre** (sā'bēr), a cavalry sword.
- sagacious** (sā gā'shūs), wise, mentally quick.
- sagas** (sä'gāz), a class of prose epics embodying the myths and heroic tales of the ancient Scandinavians.
- scald** (skald) (skāld), one of the old Scandinavian poets who sang or recited heroic deeds.
- semblance** (sēm'blans), likeness, appearance.
- serenity** (sē rēn'ī tī), calmness of mind, composure.
- servile** (sērv'īl), submissive, cringing.

- significance** (sīg nīf'ī kans), meaning, consequence.
- solace** (sōl'ās), comfort in sorrow, consolation.
- solitudes** (sōl'ī tūds), lonely places.
- sonorous** (sō nō'rūs), loud in sound, deep-toned.
- sovereignty** (sūv'ēr īn tī), supreme power.
- speculative** (spēk'ū lā tīv), considering or theorizing about a matter, risky.
- strategy** (strāt'ē jī), use of an artifice or deception in carrying out a plan.
- suavity** (swäv'ī tī), gentleness.
- subjugation** (süb jū gā'shūn), conquering by force.
- submerging** (süb mērj'ing), overwhelming.
- subordinate** (süb ôr'dī nāt), inferior in rank or importance, subject to.
- subsistence** (süb sīst'ens), means of support.
- subtler** (sūt'lēr), more artful, more crafty.
- survives** (sūr yīvs'), remains alive.
- swoon** (swōōn), to faint.
- sycophant** (sīk'ō fant), a mean or servile flatterer of some one in a superior position.
- symbols** (sīm'bōls), signs, emblems, types.
- theology** (thē öl'ō jī), the study that treats of God and man's relation to Him.
- Thule** (thū'lē), Scandinavia.
- tocsin's alarum** (tōk'sīns à-lär'ūm), an alarm bell.
- tolerate** (tōl'ēr āt), to endure, to permit.
- topographical** (tōp ō grāf' i kāl), the physical features of a region or locality.
- traditions** (trā dīsh'ūns), ancient customs.
- tranquil** (trān'kwīl), calm, quiet.
- transfixed** (trāns'fīxēd), pierced through.
- transient** (trān'shēnt), fleeting, brief.
- transition** (trān sīsh'ūn), the passage from one place or condition to another.
- transparency** (trāns pār'en si), state of being clear.
- traverse** (trāv'ērs), to travel or pass over.
- treacherous** (trēch'ēr ūs), faithless, treasonable.
- tremendous** (trē mēn'dūs), marvelous, dreadful.
- tremulous** (trem'ū lūs), trembling, affected with fear or timidity.
- trophy** (trō'fi), a memorial of victory, something won.
- tumult** (tū'mult), noisy confusion, riot.
- turbulent** (tûrbū lent), disorderly, riotous.
- Tyre** (Tīre), a famous ancient city of the Phœnicians.
- typical** (tīp'i kāl), of a type, representative.
- tyranny** (tîr'ān i), the hard government of an absolute monarch, severity.
- ultimate** (ült'i māt), the last, extreme, final.

unbridled (ūn brī'dld), unchecked.

unfathomed (ūn fāth'ūmd), unmeasured.

unity (ū'nī tī), harmony, agreement.

universe (ū'nī vērs), the world.

unmolested (ūn mō lěst'ed), not troubled or annoyed, unharmed.

unperturbed (ūn pēr tēr'bd), undisturbed.

unpretentious (ūn prē ten'shūs), not assuming an air of superiority.

unstable (ūn stā'bl), unsteady, not to be depended upon.

untainted (ūn tānt ēd), unspoiled.

untraversed (ūn trāv'ērsd), not traveled.

untutored (ūn tū'tērd), untaught.

usurpation (ū zēr pā'shun), the unlawful seizure of power.

Valhalla (väl häl'ā), in Scandinavian mythology, the palace where heroes slain in battle dwell forever.

valiant (val'yānt), brave.

valor (val'ēr), bravery, courage.

vandal (vān'dāl), one who destroys what is beautiful and artistic.

vanish (vān'ish), to disappear.

vassal (vās'äl), a subject, one who has to serve another.

vauntingly (vant'ing li), boastfully.

vengeance (vēnj'āns), the pain given another in return for an injury received.

verdant (vēr'dānt), green, fresh.

vertebrae (vēr'te brē), back-bone, the bones of the spinal column.

vexation (veks ā'shun), annoyance, worry.

vibrant (vī'brānt), resounding.

vigilant (vīj'i lānt), watchful, alert.

Viking (vī'king), a Scandinavian pirate.

vindicate (vīn'di kāt), to justify, to prove to be right.

vision (vizh'un), something imagined, unreal, an apparition.

vivid (vīv'īd), clear, bright.

voluntarily (vōl'ūn tā rī lī), willingly.

vortex (vōr'tēks), a whirlpool.

wan (wōn), pale, sickly.

wassail-bout (wās'sīl bowt), a drinking round or contest.

weal (wēl), welfare, good.

welkin dome (wēl'kīn dōm), the sky.

were-wolf (wēr'wōlf), a human being transformed into a wolf but keeping human intelligence.

yearning (yērn'ing), eager longing, earnest desire.

yeomanry (yō'mān ri), English farmers, volunteer cavalry.

Ysabel (Isabel), the Spanish queen who aided Columbus.

yore (yōr), long ago, in times past.

zeal (zēl), earnestness, enthusiasm.

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